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SURSUM.

SURSUM

OR

SPARKS FLYING UPWARD.

BY

THE REV. H. A. RAWES : M. A.

of Trinity College, Cambridge.

IF YOU BE RISEN WITH CHRIST, SEEK THE THINGS THAT ARE
ABOVE, WHERE CHRIST IS SITTING AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.
COL. III. 1.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, & GREEN.
PATERNOSTER ROW.

AND

W. KNOWLES, NORFOLK ROAD, BAYSWATER.

1864.

141. K. 57.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. KNOWLES,
7, NORFOLK ROAD, BAYSWATER.



I PUT THIS BOOK UNDER THE PROTECTION
OF
ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST,
THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED,
AND OF
MY FATHER, ST. CHARLES BORRAMEO :
AND
I DEDICATE IT
TO
THOSE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION
OF
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, NOTTING HILL,
WHO,
IN THEIR LOVE FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT,
HAVE GIVEN
A MONSTEANCE TO OUR LORD.

PREFACE.

I have called this little Book "Sursum;" because, such as it is, it is meant to lead the mind upward to Heaven and Heavenly things. I also thought that the very word Sursum, taken from the Missal, would be in itself a blessing.

In this Volume, will be found, now and then, repetitions of thought or phrase. This has been done purposely. I wished, so to say, to tie the pieces together, and to show that the object of them all is the same. That object, of course, is God. I wished also constantly to keep before the mind, that the Essential Reward which He gives is the same, that is, Himself: that even the accidental rewards are in many ways the same, though "as star differeth from star in glory, so also is the Resurrection of the dead": and that they are given in the same place, that is, in Heaven. Again, what is said of our Lord is also in a certain sense said of all His Brides. As He is clothed in garments "white as snow," so His Wife, the Church of the Elect, is clothed with "fine linen, glittering and white;" so the "armies that are in Heaven" follow Him "clothed in fine linen, white and clean." His Face is "as the sun shineth in His Power;" so His Redeemed "shine as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father." And in fact whatever is said of our Lord is said also of all the saved, for they are all made like Him. One day, "in the unity of faith and the knowledge of the Son of God", we shall meet "in the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ:" "We know that when He shall appear we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is." It is hardly necessary to say that whatever is said of our Lord, as God, as our Redeemer, as the Satisfaction for sin, and so on, is said only of Him. Mary and all His Elect never become one with Him, as Man or as God, so as to lose their Personal

Identity : yet short of this there are no words too strong to describe the Oneness of the Redeemer with His Redeemed. He says Himself, " To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with Me on My Throne, as I also have overcome and am set down with My Father on His Throne." What I say applies to our Lord as the Bridegroom and to the Church as His Bride. The whole Church of the Redeemed and each individual soul is the Wife of the Lamb. And the Essential Reward of our Lady and all Angels and all Saints is, intrinsically, God ; and extrinsically, the Vision of God.

There must therefore be a certain sameness in all thoughts about God and His Kingdom. And yet it is to my mind a sameness which is the very perfection of diversity. It is a shadow of the entrancing monotony of God, in Whom is no change, neither can be. In speaking about natural things we can speak of them according to our fancy ; and put them in different lights and shades as we please. But we can not do so with God and His Revelation. Different souls may look at different aspects of God or His Truth, and may delight in one more than another. So, to take the highest example possible, one person may have an especial devotion to the Eternal Father, another to the Eternal Son, another to the Eternal Spirit : but no Divine Person can be, in reality, more to any soul than another Divine Person or than All Three. And no one can owe a special obligation to any Divine Person, for of course whatever is done with regard to creatures is done by the Three Divine Persons together and equally, as there is only One God, absolutely and utterly. The conception of these mysteries and of all mysteries, that God has revealed, varies subjectively in different minds : but what it is, according to the intelligence and love of which we are capable, that it always is. It becomes clearer and deeper and stronger, it is true, as our power and will are perfected in God : but still characteristically it is the same. And as the Holy Ghost has

been pleased always to speak about some things in one and the same way, it is not for us to be wiser than He is. Every one, for instance, must be struck with the wonderful sameness of the descriptions of the Son of Man and the Heavenly City and Temple of God, in Daniel or Ezekiel and the Apocalypse of St. John. So I have tried all through as much as possible to keep the same words for the same things. As there is One God, so there is one Throne of God and the Lamb, and one River like crystal flowing from that Throne, and one Tree of Life, and one Wall with its Gates of Pearl and Foundations of Precious Stones, and one Sea of Glass mingled with fire. I may say that this principle extends through the *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, and the *Visits to our Blessed Lady and the Heavenly City of God*, and will extend through the *Prayers for the Holy Souls in Purgatory*, (now in the Press) and also through anything else that may be afterwards done. Thus with regard to the Coronation of our Lady or the glory of the Virgin-Martyrs, I purposely speak in both cases of the South wind, mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles, to show that I am speaking of those who are in the same place. So also, in the second of the *Songs of the Bride*, it is the South wind that blows, because the Church of Christ on earth is a part of His Church in Heaven. The North wind blows on the Synagogue: for the Synagogue, though truly the Church of Christ, was not His Church so perfectly as the Roman Church now is: for then He had not come, and now He never for one moment departs from His Bride. He is always in the Blessed Sacrament, on the Altar: and His Eternal Spirit dwells in His Church as a Temple, which He never leaves, and never will leave. So also in the Coronation of our Lady and the Song of the whole Redeemed Church, it is said "where old things are passed away," to show the identity of place; for thus the Holy Ghost describes the New Creation in the fulness

of its glory. He says: "The former things are passed away;" and, "Behold I make all things new." This will explain what I mean.

I have also endeavoured to preserve the symbolical meaning of epithets throughout. I may give one example. In the Coronation of our Lady, I have given to her Sandals studded with Emeralds. My reason is this: according to mystical writers the Emerald in the Foundation of the Heavenly City signifies purity: and purity extended to the feet of our Lady seems to me to symbolize her Immaculate Conception and her perfect correspondence with grace. "Jesus saith to him; He that is washed needeth not but to wash his feet and is wholly clean." Again: "I will instruct thee in this way, in which thou shalt go:" "Thou hast set my feet in a spacious place:" "Justice shall walk before him and shall set his steps in the way."

Now nothing can be truly satisfactory to a soul that loves God, except that which tells of Him and leads to Him. The faithful soul has no eyes, but for her Beloved. She goes through the streets of the City seeking Him, and she knows not whom she passes. So if this little Book has any value, it is because, however imperfectly, it speaks of God. It is the want of Him that mars so much for us the beauty of some of the grandest productions of the human mind. We are astonished at the graphic vigor and majesty of Homer; at the sublimity and grandeur of Æschylus; at the gracefulness and philosophic depth of Sophocles; at the plaintive tenderness of Theocritus; at the sweetness and polish of Virgil; at the crystallized beauty of Horace; we are astonished at all this and delighted with it for the time; and then we say involuntarily, Where is God? Where is the Name above every name, sweeter, stronger, more beautiful than all? We do not care to know how Phœbus Apollo came down from Olympus with his

quiver on his shoulders, or how Minerva lit up the head of Achilles with a golden cloud and flame; how Prometheus suffered, or Agamemnon, king of men, was waited for, or Ædipus wandered; how the Tamarisks grew, or the bees were hived, or the leaves fall in the woods at the first autumn cold; how proud Troy fell and ceased to be; how Soracte stood covered with snow, or about the storms of the Cretic sea, unless these things bring us nearer to Him Who made us and to Whom we are going. I am not for a moment objecting to the study of these books. I should think it absurd to do so; I believe that it would be a great loss for any mind to be deprived of the Classics. I am only thinking of that mournful feeling we have, when we see so much natural beauty unlighted by Divine Grace. Still I know that all these men were judged according to their light. God never counts as guilt to any man that which he cannot help. He always sows before He expects to reap. I am not therefore finding fault with these writers, but only lamenting their want. We long to see so much natural beauty made more beautiful by something about God. And I claim, for myself and all those who love God and our Lord, a right to seek for Him everywhere and to make Him First and Last in our souls; to rejoice when we see a gleam of His Light; and to be disappointed when we see it not. I put it at the lowest, and I claim our right to make God everything to ourselves. St. Bernard says, most beautifully: "All food for the soul is dry, if this oil be not poured over it. It is tasteless, if it be not seasoned with this salt. If you write about anything, I do not care about it, unless I can read Jesus there. If you speak about anything, I do not care to hear your words, unless I can hear the sound of Jesus."

Still, I think that many of these writers are religious in their own way, according to that which they knew: and this is better than nothing. But we feel the same want in many of the most beautiful writers

of our own language. The want is worse in this case, because they ought to have known, and might have known, if they had pleased. Take for instance Shelley and Keats, the founders of the present school of secular poetry in England. Where can you find greater natural beauty and where can you find such an utter absence of the light from Heaven? There are many perhaps who will agree with Byron when he said that the fragment of *Hyperion* was the grandest thing of its kind in the English language: yet it is utterly Pagan throughout, most beautiful indeed, but with the cold, classic beauty of Greece. Then again, what can be more exquisitely sweet and pathetic than *Adonais*, Shelley's Monody on the death of Keats? But there in the very place you would have looked for it, there is not one single word of the Christian's hope or the Resurrection. Since *Childe Harold* and *The Lady of the Lake* we have had no such beautiful Poem, that I know of, as *Evangeline*. I speak of mere natural beauty. But that which gives it such an especial charm is the religious feeling and the reverence for sacred things pervading it. It is to me a very sorrowful thought that its gifted writer is not a Catholic. I am not desiring to have nothing but religious poetry. I can enjoy Campbell's splendid Lyrics, never equalled, I think, except by Horace and Collins, and once by Dryden, in Alexander's Feast, (perhaps, from what I have read of him, I should add *Filicaja*); but still I do say that I can read with far more pleasure even than these the simplest and plainest little Hymn that tells us about God, our Creator, and Jesus Who died for us on the Cross.

If any one wants to see what the true religion will do for a man, let him compare the *Divina Commedia* with *Paradise Lost*; that is, the work of Dante with the work of Milton. Both had not only wonderful imaginations but also the creative power in the highest degree. Milton had perfect mastery over his own noble mother-tongue; and Dante, I am told, had the same power over his.

Milton, I think, could go a little higher than Dante: but Dante could go a great deal deeper than Milton or any Poet of whom I know. There is scarcely anything in literature so wonderful as the intenseness of Dante. No one probably would doubt the sincerity of Milton. I am not of course going to defend or excuse many of his opinions; but surely he was a great soul. And perhaps to him the One Faith was never presented so that he was able to see it: I can not tell; God knows. He lived in evil days, and a thick darkness was over the land: and his soul seems to have been filled with a just scorn and indignation, when he thought of the dissoluteness and licentiousness by which he was surrounded. He must have hated licentiousness and the wanton disregard of the commandments of God. These are some of the words in which speaking of Belial he tells us whose children he considers the licentious to be:

In courts and palaces he also reigns
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

And in fact there is much about the Puritans which we can not help liking, despite all their absurdities. And I need scarcely say that those absurdities, of which so much has been made, were not common to all: and certainly were not to be found in such men as Milton. Theologically they were wrong with regard to the Roman Church, like most of our countrymen; but morally, with regard to the English nation, they were in the right. Their zeal was ill-regulated, their piety was unattractive, and many of their opinions were very mischievous. But I prefer a zeal for God though it be "not according to knowledge," to a zeal for the devil. And I would also rather hear about God, in the most nasal twang, than hear the profane, licentious songs of the Cavaliers sung by the most melodious voices. Uncouth and unat-

tractive Godliness (or even an attempt at it) is better than courtly and attractive devilry. In fact, God in any way is better than God not at all. Certainly these men by their absurdities repelled many persons from religion : but if they were attracted by the other side, they were attracted from religion and God altogether. And with regard to the true Church one side was as wrong as the other. But who can wonder that these men were so grotesque and mistaken often? Zeal out of the Church is always ill-regulated, and runs wild. The human mind needs training, as much as jasmine or honeysuckle, and never more than when under strong religious impressions ; and this training can only be found in the Roman Church.

As to Milton himself, I can not but believe that he had, to use his own words, "an upright heart and pure : " and his object was, as he tell us, "to assert Eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men." Yet his words do not lift us up to Heaven and God as the words of Dante lift us. Every Catholic must feel a great want running through his Poem. I am looking at the matter from our point of view. He does not speak with reverent familiarity of Heavenly things. He was unable to do so, from want of knowledge. He is not at home in his subject. He is not walking through well-known streets, but wandering about the desert, trying to find his way. His false theology disfigures the beauty of his noble Poem, sonorous and majestic as the rolling of the sea. Passage after passage is untrue or offensive to pious ears, though not intentionally so. There is a constant jar on our sense of reverence. Now compare Dante with this : and what a difference there is. No one without the faith can understand what I mean. I do not speak of his grandeur or his pathos or his tenderness or his intense-ness or that wonderful creative power, which has scarcely ever been equalled, certainly never surpassed ; but I speak of the way in which he makes us feel the Presence

of God through his Poem : and I love him for that. There is God in it from beginning to end. Whether he is within the iron walls or amidst the vermilion minarets of Dis, or on the strand by the boiling pitch of Malebolge, or with Judas amidst the ice in the fourth round of the Frozen Circle, he is always thinking of Him " Whose Will and Power are one," though for reverence he does not mention His Name in that horrible pit. He may sometimes have been betrayed into errors of judgment about persons in those stormy and difficult times in which he lived, but there is no doubt that he does bring the invisible world before men, and does glorify God and His Church. His Poem is full of the *Summa* of St. Thomas. And, judging it only as to art and natural power, it is doubtless far greater than it would have been had he been without the faith : and so had Milton been a Catholic I have no doubt that his mere natural sublimity would have been greater than it is.

Now I do not mean to say that Devotion should be the excuse for stupidity. At the same time I for one could not bring myself to speak disrespectfully of a stupid person, unless he were in fault. For God gives to every man the measure of intellect which He chooses : and thousands of great intellects are now in hell, through their own fault, and will be there for ever ; while thousands of very little intellects (very little, that is, whilst in this world) are now, by the free grace of God and their correspondence with that grace, high in the Beatific Vision. And I can read the simplest little book which tells me of God, with far more pleasure and profit, than the grandest book which says nothing about Him. I value highly all the gifts of God whether physical or intellectual ; but I care most for His Love. For this reason the Holy Scriptures should be so dear to us, above all other books. They are most blessed who faithfully and dutifully dig deepest in that inexhaustible mine of love and wisdom. It is this also which gives such an

especial beauty to the Missal and Office Book. Now, not speaking of the Holy Scriptures, and still less of our Lord's Words enshrined in them, there is nothing in the world so grand as the Apostles' Creed. For majesty, simplicity, and light, it is unapproachable. It always seems to me to be like a massive, solid tower of the clearest crystal. But as to human works I think that the *Summa* of St. Thomas is the grandest Epic Poem that ever was written. No story of Achilles or Æneas can be like the story of that Divine Man, Whose Sacred Human Heart was pierced in the stillness of death on Calvary. In the *Summa* we find those immortal words which tell us of Him : of His Godhead, and the Godhead of His Father and His Spirit, of His Incarnation, Life, Preaching, Works, Suffering, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Session at the Right Hand of God : of His Mother, His Apostles, His Church, His Angels, His Saints; of His Revelation and His Sacraments and His Coming again as the Judge and Rewarder. The words of that book fall ever with fresh beauty on our minds : it tells us so majestically of God and His Works. Precise, accurate, clear, strong, wise, deep, and comprehensive, we may indeed truly apply to it the words of one of our poets : "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." It is more than that, for it is a "possession for ever." Thus the *Summa* is a chaunt of thanksgiving; a Hymn of victory; the triumphal march of a conqueror with the *spolia opima* of his enemy. As one truth is enunciated after another, and as one doubt after another is destroyed, it is "fair as the morning-rising", or "terrible as an army set in array." It is the very sanctification of the human Reason, Godlike and free with the highest and most perfect freedom in submission to the Voice and Will of God. It shows us plainly what the world ought to have learned long ago, and might have learned, if it had pleased, that no where on earth is the Reason, by which we are made like God, so honored as in the Catholic

Church. In one way, it sounds in my ears, like the measured tread of a victorious army; in another way, like a prelude of the New Song, "the Song of Moses, the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb" which they sing before the Throne. But as I think this of the great work of St. Thomas Aquinas, so I think that the most beautiful devotional Poem that ever was written is *The Imitation of Christ* by Thomas A Kempis. Graceful tender and pathetic beyond all words, thoughts of beauty in beautiful raiment, it is full of the love and light of our Divine Master; and it sets Him before us, for our example and help and rest, as He has never in human words been set in our sight before or since. These two books, like Moses, come down to us from the Mount, lit up with the glory of the Divine Presence.

Now people talk in these days a great deal about depth and breadth of thought, and earnestness, and so on; and there are many who seem to think it the first mark of a great mind to put away all thought of God, when considering His Works. To attempt to decide any question of politics or science by its harmony with the Law or the Revelation of God is thought to be the mark of a narrow mind. I pray God that in *that* sense my mind may be as narrow as possible to all eternity. I have an old-fashioned belief that we ought always to seek God first in all things. What, for instance, is the good of digging and scraping in Eocene or Pleiocene formations, or in the Red Sandstone or the Permian Rocks, unless it be to know more of God and to love Him more? What is the use of peddling about with old bones and bits of crockery, unless it brings us nearer to God? The natural world is as truly a Revelation of God, as the Church or the Bible. It is not so clear nor so glorious, but still it is as truly His. And it is simply and absolutely impossible for one Revelation of God to contradict another. It is just as possible for the Eternal Father to contradict the Eternal

Son, as it is for any geological strata which God has made to contradict the Revelation which He has given.

I am anxious not to lengthen this Preface, but I must say one word of God in politics. Nowadays if any one writing or speaking of politics ever tries to do so according to the Divine Law, it is said of him contemptuously that he is a moralist and not a statesman. He has not, I suppose, that broad philosophic mind which is able to keep the Creator out of sight. Such a man is laughed at; as if the wisest and best statesmen are not those who try to legislate in the presence of God, as they live in His Presence. And I certainly have always understood that God will judge us for everything we do, say, or think, in public as well as in private life. I have also always understood that we have never, in any time, or in any place, to be ashamed of God. I look upon this divorce between God and the political world (and also I may add the literary and metaphysical world) as the most fearful of the signs of these evil times. There are many wise and learned men, and deep thinkers, and clever writers amongst us, but somehow they do not happen to stumble on God or the Truth. I am certain that none of these deep thinkers will ever come upon anything deeper than the first and second of the questions and answers in the Catechism: Q. Who made you? Ans. God. Q. Why did God make you? Ans. To know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next. I commend these words to the consideration of those deep thinkers who know everything except the God Who made them, and all laws except the Law of their Creator.

And indeed what can be more terrible than that God should be so little thought of and so little regarded as He is? People seem often to be ashamed of saying, I cannot do this because it is wrong in the sight of God: or, I must do this, because it is right in His sight. It would be well

for us, if we always said this. I hate cant with all my heart, and I hate also all affectation of piety, and all needless display of it; but I can not consider it any of these things to say in a simple, manly way, at all times and in all places, that in everything we must think first of God. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent, a time to rejoice and a time to mourn, but surely every time is a time for God. If there is any time from which the thought of God ought to be excluded, those who think so will perhaps tell us what that time is. Of one thing I am quite certain; and that is, that if there be any time or place in which God can not be kept in mind and loved: they are not fit for us, if we be His servants. But in these days God seems to be studiously kept out of sight, and men actually seem to be ashamed of Him. God forbid that it should ever be so with us. I have spoken of the Puritans before: and I only wish that those who have to do with the government of this country had in them a little more of the Puritans' sense of the constant Presence and Government of God. They were mistaken and misguided in many ways; but they were right in thinking that God rules the world in every moment: they were right in thinking this, and right in acknowledging it publicly, as the law of their public actions. I wish it were so with all our politicians.

I would to God indeed that they were all Catholics, with the light of the Faith; but if this may not be, let them at least acknowledge God in public, as they acknowledge Him in private. It would be a refreshing thing, to see in these days a Vane or a Fleetwood in the House of Commons. There is now no religion at all, or a miserable sickly religionism that is almost worse than none. I do not wish to be misunderstood: there are doubtless in Parliament many men, who are excellent and exemplary in their private lives; but I want to find a man who will boldly in public proclaim God and the Laws of God, as the source and rule of all legislation and all juris-

prudence. I want to find a man who will venture to say that God ought not to be kept altogether out of sight, but ought to be a little regarded in His Own world. No doubt they are "all honorable men," but I want to find a little more of God. It might not be statesmanlike to keep the Divine Law always in sight; but I know that it would be Godlike.

One word now as to ourselves; and I make an end. The great evil that we Catholics have to dread in these days is worldliness. The spirit of worldliness is coming in on us like a flood. I see it, as plainly as I see the sun in the Heavens, and I am not going to say that I do not. All this would be impossible if God were in each soul, as He ought to be. But satan is now striking at us through the world. There is worldliness in the brain and worldliness in the heart. And with it there is always a servile and unmanly spirit. We have the certain promise of our Lord, that no intellectual evil can ever touch the Dogmas of the Faith: we have also His certain promise that no moral evil can destroy His Church: but we have no such promise for particular Churches or individual souls. Nay, we read how God has threatened a Church for its shortcomings that He would remove its candlestick out of its place. How terribly does the Beloved Disciple speak of worldliness: "Love not the world nor the things which are in the world. If any man love the world, the charity of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world is the desire of the flesh and the desire of the eyes and the pride of life; this is not of the Father but is of the world. And the world passes away and the desire thereof. But he that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever. Little children it is the last hour; and as you have heard that antichrist cometh, even now there are many antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last hour. They went out from us but they were not of us. For if they had been of us they would no doubt have remained

with us ; but (they went out) that it may be made manifest that they are not all of us." And considering what God has done for us in restoring the Sanctuary after three hundred years of desolation, the least that we can do is to prefer Him to the world, if only out of the commonest feelings of gratitude. When the Reformation, that terrible curse, fell on this land, God seemed to have hid His Face from us : and now when He has restored our "judges as they were before, and our counsellors as of old ;" let us be faithful to Him. We ought to have His Name on our hands, our hearts, our foreheads. It should be always in our mouths. I do know of one thing more contemptible than love of the world ; and that is fear of the world. I know of nothing more contemptible than *that*.

But the point of all that I have been saying is that we should live hourly in the love and fear of God : and that we ought never to be ashamed of Him or His Revelation or His Church. As to this Book, its only value is that it is an attempt to help souls to this union with God. Whatever it may be, I have desired to promote by it the glory of Him Who is our Creator and final Reward. And thus it is especially written for those who love the Sacred Heart. It makes no appeal to others ; for there is nothing in it, which the children of the world will desire, but rather much that they will despise and reject. Yet I trust that there are some, who may find pleasure or help in its contents. They are, I know, only stammerings, or the lisplings of a child that cannot speak ; but they tell us of the Divine Bridegroom of our souls, Who loved us and lived for us and died for us. They are merely, as I have called them, a few little Sparks flying upward. I shall be content, if they make for any, be it but for a little while, a light in this darkness. I have written in this book what I thought would be, speaking after the manner of men, read with pleasure by the inhabitants of

the Heavenly City of God. I hope that it may help some souls to hate the world and love God; but I hope still more that the Divine Bridegroom will acknowledge it in the Brightness of His Coming.

Oct. of our Lady's Nativity, 1864.

St. Francis of Assisi,

Notting Hill.

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PART I.

OUR RELATION TO GOD.

ADORATION.

Because God is God, and we are what we are, we owe Him supreme worship. All His rational creatures owe Him this worship and are bound to serve and love Him. This is His claim, because He is the Creator; not because He is just or true or holy, but simply because we come from Him. An unholy Creator is an absurdity and a contradiction in terms.

And further, because we are not only His creatures, but His fallen creatures; and not only fallen but restored, or living amidst the possibilities of restoration, the duty which we owe to Him is of a fourfold nature; like the river which "went out of the place of pleasure to water Paradise," being "divided into four heads." I am not now enquiring what it is in the nature of God, which makes it necessary for us to worship Him in a certain way, and to give Him a certain service. I take for granted the nature of our homage, as it is taught by the Church, and I merely wish to draw out from this, in a plain way, some few of those lessons which we thus learn about God and about ourselves.

And amongst all kinds of knowledge there is and can be nothing like the knowledge of God. There are many kinds of learning which are good, but learning about God.

is best. It is not only best, but so far beyond and above all other science or knowledge, that nothing can ever be compared with it. High and glorious, "in the inaccessible light," God reveals Himself to His creatures: they see and know Him by faith or sight; and in Him and only in Him they can find an enduring and perfect rest. To all other things there is a limit, but there is no limit to the love which we ought to have for God.

Now we learn the four duties which we owe Him, from the nature of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For the Mass is firstly a Sacrifice of adoration. We offer it to God, as the highest and most perfect act of Divine worship, in testimony of His Supreme Dominion as regards life or death. Next it is offered as a Sacrifice of Propitiation or Expiation, for the remission of sin or of the punishment due to sin. It is offered also as an impetratory Sacrifice to obtain from God blessings of different kinds by the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. And lastly it is offered as a Eucharistic Sacrifice or a Sacrifice of thanksgiving, for all the countless blessings that we have received from Him.

Thus the duties, which express our relation to God, are adoration, penance, prayer and thanksgiving. I will begin with adoration.

By adoration therefore I intend to signify precisely that supreme worship which belongs to God and to none other. And when we come to think of it, we shall see that the capability of thus adoring an Uncreated Intelli-

gence is a gift in itself only second to that which we shall have when we shall see that Intelligence in its strength and purity and beauty, intuitively, in the Beatific Vision, "face to face."

For a while we have to wait for this in the darkness, but one day the darkness will go and the light will come. Let us, then, see what this adoration is. We adore God, not only as our Creator, but also as our Redeemer; for Redemption is a new Creation. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." And the work of the first creation, wonderful and glorious as it was, seems, I may truly say, to be in a sense shorn of its wonders and its beauty when compared with that other creation, the regeneration and perfecting of the sons of God, in the midst of which His voice is ever heard, saying, "Behold, I make all things new."

Thus we believe that God is; and by faith we have exactly that, neither more nor less, which we shall afterwards, through His mercy, have by sight. He is immense, infinite and eternal; perfectly sufficient, in and by Himself, for Himself and His own supreme Beatitude; the Beginning from which all creatures come, and the End to which they ought to return. And whether they are going from Him, or coming to Him, "they live and move and are" in Him, and only in Him.

As we serve Him and love Him we are fulfilling the end for which He made us. If we sin against Him we turn His gifts against Himself, and abuse to our own

destruction the powers which he has given us; and nothing can be meaner, nothing, falser, nothing more traitorous than this.

Next, we believe that He is the Supreme Dispenser of rewards and punishments, doing what He will with His own, according to His Wisdom and Justice. All rewards which are true rewards and worth having are those which bring us nearer to Him; and the only punishments about which any one need care are those which separate, or tend to separate us from Him. Indeed remedial punishments which tend to increase our union with Him when that union is begun, or help to begin it when it does not exist, are amongst the highest and truest blessings we can have. But God is something more than our Redeemer: He is Himself our exceeding great Reward. With Him is the fulness of joy; only in His light can we see light; and He Himself, showing Himself to the souls of the Blessed, whether human or angelic, is the "River which makes glad the city of the King," that is, each soul of His Elect, in which He lives and reigns.

But again, in His absolute Sovereignty He is Supreme Lord of life and death. He gives us our life when He pleases: and again when He pleases He takes it away. He breathes into us the breath of life, and makes us living souls; and then beneath the touch of His Divine Hand we lie cold and dead, and are put away in our graves.

This power He can delegate to others, or permit

others to use without an express délegation.

Thus, by His express command the Canaanitish idolaters were exterminated. For them, at least in this world, He had no mercy, and when He had once spoken, the sword of the Israelite could not spare. He had the right to take away the lives which He had given, when and where and as He pleased, by plague or fire or famine or poisonous serpents or sudden death. So also He had the right to do it by the sword in the hands of men. They were His messengers of vengeance, the instruments by which He executed judgment on the sinner.

Those to whom He spoke received an express command about which they could not be mistaken, and without sin they could not disobey. Whatever feelings of tenderness or natural reluctance may have stirred their hearts they were no longer their own masters in this; and looked at rightly, they were only setting forth in a terrible type that great destruction at the last, when the tares shall be gathered together that they may be burned; when the reprobate shall be cast away from the Face of God, into the fire that is never quenched.

Again, as in all times, so in this time, the civil government of every land exercises a power of life and death which can only come from God. For as He only gives life, so He only, in Himself or by His own authority, has the right to take that life away. But as the Church has always maintained the lawfulness of capital punishment for certain crimes, it follow of necessity, that the power

to inflict this punishment can only come from Him, in Whose hands are the issues of life and death.

Thus to think of God is to adore Him, that is if we try to act up to our knowledge. To desire the good, as far as we know it, and to believe the true, as far as we know it, is to adore God: for only God is absolutely good and true. When we know that God is and that He rewards or punishes men, and so desire to please Him; and when also we know that He is also the Supreme Lord of life and death, and so submit ourselves unreservedly to His Divine Will, then we adore Him. There is a dead knowledge, a knowledge clear but unfruitful: I do not call that knowledge adoration.

But this is not all. For those who have the light of the faith, the adoration of God means much more than this. He is our final knowledge, and our perfect moral law; the light of our understandings, and the strength of our wills. We know Him because He is revealed; and we love Him because He is known; and we obey Him because He is loved. He enlarges our hearts that we may follow Him perfectly in the way of the precepts or the counsels. What we know, we know from Him, either miraculously or naturally. Every science, so far as it is true, is the handmaid of His unchanging Truth. Every discovery whatever it may be which contradicts His Truth is hopelessly and unchangeably false. Whatever face it may have, it is rotten at the heart. All true thoughts converge to Him as a centre, though

He is not only every where but immense in and to Himself beyond all space; and all true ways lead only to His eternal Throne.

Again, if we seek to know what we ought to do, we find our law in His Commandments. There are those which He gave on Sinai, those which He gave on the Mountain of Beatitude, those which He gave by His Apostles, and those which He has given and still gives by the living voice of His Church. These last are to us the interpreters of all. They translate for us unknown tongues. They speak to us with a voice which we can understand. They give us light instead of darkness, certainty instead of doubt, and truth instead of lies. That which is dimmed is enlightened and hidden things are made known. The light shines upon us and in that light we can rejoice. All shadows of darkness are destroyed in the light of the noontide sun. Now these blessings and all other blessings which ever have been or ever can be come from God. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift comes" from Him. All blessings are His free gifts, the gifts of His boundless Charity, the outpourings of that Bountifulness, which is only limited by the smallness of the creature but is in itself infinite and eternal. Without Him we are nothing; it is an incredible joy to think of this. Without Him we have nothing; and it is an incredible joy to think of this also.

But as we adore Him, by knowing His Truth and keeping His Commandments; so also we adore Him by desiring to see Him and to possess Him. Strange as it must seem,

He thirsts for our love and our presence in His Temple. Though He has need of nothing yet He desires that all men should be saved. We know Him, keep His Commandments, and desire Him as our final end. Beyond all creatures our souls reach onward and upward to God. With a desire beyond all other desire we seek for Him; and with a thirst to which no other thirst can be compared we reach out for that water, clear as crystal, which is the unveiled Vision of Himself. There are many things that are not God, which we may lawfully desire and for which we may lawfully pray. Yet these things are more and more blessed as they lead us nearer to Him; they have more light upon them as they draw us further from the world and nearer to Heaven; they are holier, purer, truer, as they take us more and more within the Veil. And when we rightly know God and ourselves, if it be only with a little knowledge and in a little degree, how weak must be our desire for all that this world can give compared to our desire for the sight of that Uncreated Loveliness which is to those who see it endless joy and peace and rest and life. There are indeed many of the natural gifts of God for which we may lawfully pray; but after all, our best and highest and truest prayer is that we may "see His Face."

So adoring God we must love Him with all our heart and soul and strength. We must hope in Him, trust Him, depend upon Him, submit to Him, live in Him, keep ourselves for Him, and wait for Him. The adoration in

darkness will one day be the adoration in light. Faith and hope will be lost in love. They who have been true adorers of God in this world will adore Him for ever and ever in Heaven.

PENANCE.

Penance: what mingled thoughts are called up by this word. It tells us of an unfallen creation in Eden, when as yet there was no sin and consequently no pain nor sorrow nor death; of lives pure and innocent, unsullied by the transgression of the law; of the children of God living obediently and lovingly in the home which their Father had prepared for them; of "the Voice of the Lord God, walking in Paradise in the afternoon." But it tells us also of wilfulness and evil curiosity and disobedience; of sin, death, and suffering; of the serpent "cursed among all cattle and beasts of the earth;" of the multiplied sorrows of the woman, who was first in the transgression; of the words spoken to Adam, "Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life;" of our first parents cast out from the Paradise of pleasure, exiles and wanderers in the homeless world; of the wisdom of the majestic Cherubim barring the road to Eden; and of the brightness of that "flaming sword, turning every way to keep the way of the Tree of Life."

Yet it tells us also of the return of the golden years; of a restoration, which not only leaves nothing to be desired, but outdoes in blessedness and glory all that had been lost; of a "New Creation," far more beautiful than

the old ; of a clearer stream and a brighter sun than ever flowed or shone in that first Paradise "which the Lord God had planted," and "wherein He placed man, whom He had formed." It tells us of our innocence, our fall, our restoration ; of Eden, the world, and Calvary.

It is not necessary here to enter on the difficult question of Satisfaction, vicarious or otherwise. How it came to pass that God accepted for us our Lord's Sacrifice on the Cross, we cannot tell. But that He did so is as certain as that He is. I take for granted that penance and the spirit of penance, whether of the Sacred Heart or of us, is acceptable to God and meritorious in His sight. We sinned ; Christ died for us ; in Him and only in Him we are restored.

Now by penance I here understand all that is included in the idea of sin, propitiation, and renewal. If we wish to see what the reality signified by this word teaches us about God, we must consider that once we needed no penance, and that now the penance we need is possible. We must bear in mind that once we were with God ; that in the exercise of our freedom we fell away from Him ; and that now, by His great love, we can go back to Him again.

From this we learn much ; but chiefly as regards God Himself we learn His Purity, Justice, and Mercy ; and as regards God and ourselves, His Goodness and our vileness. For is it not good of God to make us, to give us what He has given, and to do for us what He has done ? And is it not "an evil and a bitter thing" that we, in our vile-

ness, should be so ungrateful, so rebellious, so faithless, so unloving as we are?

Let us, then, consider the Purity of God. It is impossible in the least to imagine the intenseness of that uncreated Purity. He is a consuming Fire, and nothing that is defiled can enter into His Presence. Even the Heavens, the souls of His highest Angels and Saints, are not clean in His sight. So, as He loves His creatures with a most divine Love, He hates sin with a most divine Hatred. No change can come near Him; no idea can ever present itself to His Mind. He has had all ideas eternally. He knows all things, all that have been and all that ever will be and all that ever possibly might be. His Love, therefore, of what is good, and His Hatred of what is evil, are eternal and unchanging. This is His Purity.

Next, there is His Justice. Now we must not fall into the mistake of talking about His Justice and Mercy as if they were set one against the other or as if one undid the work of the other. His Justice and His Mercy are in reality the same thing, for each is Himself. But we cannot understand this now, as we do not yet see Him with a comprehensive vision. And so, in our ignorance, we are obliged to speak of these Attributes as if they were different when they are not. In this sense, then, He must punish those who sin, because He is just. Hating sin with a sovereign Hatred because of His Purity, He punishes with a sovereign punishment those who are reprobate; and punishes, also, always with a proportionate

punishment those who sin but afterwards repent.

Then there is His Mercy. He receives with open arms the returning prodigal. And even in judgment He remembers mercy. When we call to mind how terribly, speaking in our human way, we grieve God by our sins, it seems most wonderful that He should welcome us back so lovingly as He does. He has a divine thirst for the salvation of souls. From all eternity He has known how in His Human Nature He would feel the great thirst of the Sacred Heart on the Cross. In this way He seems to be always saying to us from Heaven and the Blessed Sacrament, I thirst. So His desire for us is far greater than our desire for Him, though we can, in no way whatever, increase His essential Beatitude. It seems also as if He Who is uncreated Knowledge forgets all the evil we have done as soon as ever we return to Him. "When he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him, and was moved with compassion and running to him fell on his neck and kissed him."

And yet when God is merciful, He is just. His Mercy is strict Justice, and His Justice is perfect Mercy. If it were not so, there would be in Him an imperfection or a change. Even amongst men the just are merciful and the merciful are just. I cannot myself see how, even in this world, any man can be truly merciful unless he be very just, nor truly just unless he be very merciful: and far more is it so with God. In Him we see the intense-ness and perfection of Justice and Mercy when they are

blended together and become one Uncreated Virtue.

What a relief, then, it is to turn from creatures to God. How dark does the light of this world appear ; how worthless its treasures and rewards ; and how unsatisfying its best and truest consolations, compared with the light of Eternal Purity, and the rewards and joys which are given us by Him whose Justice and Mercy cast one bright shadow on the earth.

PRAYER.

The formal cause of prayer is the nature of God, in that He is simply and absolutely sufficient for Himself and consequently for all creatures. The material cause is our necessity.

God has need of nothing. He is His own life and His own joy ; and being *ens a se* He cannot change. In His Essence, in His Attributes which cannot in reality be distinguished absolutely from Himself or from one another, and in His moral Nature, He is always the Same, and always sufficient for all Beatitude, whether it be created or uncreated. *

But we have need of everything and have nothing in or from ourselves. Besides, we are always changing and being changed ; remaining constant only in one thing, and that is our dependence on some Being who is out of us and above us. God, therefore, has every thing to give, and we have every thing to get ; and so we show Him our necessities, and ask Him for what we want.

Now I do not intend to speak here of the necessity of prayer, nor of its excellence, nor of its kinds, nor yet of the way to pray and the conditions of prayer, its advantages or its hindrances. On all these seven points there is a great deal to be said, very useful, indeed very necessary for us all to know. And by thinking of these things we can learn very much not only about prayer, but about God and ourselves. But this does not now come within the drift of what I wish to say. I am not trying to see what the conditions or advantages or hindrances of prayer teach us; but I want simply to see what prayer, because it *is* prayer, expresses of God and our relation to Him.

Now, all objections to prayer may be broadly summed up in two heads: firstly, nothing can resist the Will of God, and so whatever He decrees will come to pass, whether we pray for it or not; and secondly, as He knows all things He knows our wants, not only before we can tell Him, but better than we can tell Him. The answer to these objections may be put in the following form; and for our purpose it is not necessary to distinguish between God's love of complacency and His love of benevolence, nor between His conditional Will and His Will of good-pleasure. Firstly, then, God's knowledge and decrees are from eternity. As God, His decrees are coeternal with Himself. But His knowledge of every prayer has, in the order of reason, not of time, very much to do with His eternal decrees with reference to the person who prays. He has revealed to us that He listens to prayer, and this means of course that

He listens to it from eternity. If, therefore, we pray for any thing, we know for certain that God regards that prayer. He regards now what He has always regarded, for in His Mind there is neither past nor future, but one Eternal Present. If then we obtain our desire, we obtain it partly at least by that prayer, which God has always regarded in the eternity of His Being. If we do not obtain that for which we seek, we are yet certain that God hears and answers our prayers, as He has always heard and answered them, if not as we wish, yet as we ought to wish, and in the way that is best for us. But if we do not pray for that which we seek to obtain, then God must act in that matter irrespective of our prayer; for He cannot regard as something belonging to us that which does not exist.

Again, though He knows our wants better than we do ourselves, He delights in hearing us tell Him that which He knows before and always has known. He is our Father and we are His children; in His condescension, He loves to hear us tell Him of our wants and our love. He could give without asking; but He says, "Ask, and you shall have."

What, then, does prayer express as to our relation to God? What does it express as to the character of God, from which those relations spring? It chiefly expresses five things: that God is; that He is a Rewarder; that He knows all things; that He can do all things; and that He wills all good to His creatures.

But first, there is one most important truth, which we ought to bear in mind; prayer is not an act of the will but of the reason. The desire indeed which makes us pray is in the will, and the will moves the reason to its own end; but the prayer itself is a kind of speaking, for (as St. Isidore, quoted by St. Thomas, says) to pray is the same thing as to say; and therefore our prayers belong to intellectual virtue and not to the virtue of desire. Now if we remembered this always we should trouble ourselves very little about affective prayer. Our great desire would be to make our prayers effective. Spiritual consolations are to be received with thankfulness, if God sends them to us, but if He does not please to do so we ought not to care. We were created for Him, and not for His gifts. His greatest and best gifts fall infinitely short of Himself: and with none of them can we be perfectly satisfied. We ought to say our prayers as a duty, and not because we find pleasure in doing so. God has promised to answer those who pray, not those only who have delight in praying. As we ask our friends for any thing we may want, so with quietness and confidence we should ask God, our best Friend, for those things which He only can give. We are certain that He will give, if we ask according to His Will, what ever our feelings may be. Therefore we ought not to attend to our feelings, but we ought to do the will of God and be content with that. It should be enough for us to know that we are serving Him, the All-Wise and All-Good. "Perhaps darkness shall cover me, and night shall be my light in my pleasures. But dark-

ness shall not be dark to Thee, and night shall be as light as the day : the darkness thereof and the light thereof are alike." But a habit of thinking of ourselves, in a mean and selfish way, either shuts us out from God or tends to do so, according to its strength. Thus it is, because persons think of themselves and not of God, that they fail in their prayers or get tired of them or neglect them. Thus also people are unreasonably distressed by dryness and as unreasonably delighted by consolations in prayer. They judge themselves by their feelings; they have a childish longing for sensible consolations; and so they seek the things that are their own, and not those that belong to Jesus Christ. The result is always effeminacy of every kind in the spiritual life. Nothing can be grander than to love God for Himself and to be content with doing His will, because He is what He is; and on the other hand nothing can be meaner than to be always forgetting God, and always thinking about ourselves.

Now prayer, as I have said, chiefly expresses to us five things about God.

It teaches us that He is. If we pray to God we show that we believe in Him. Yet even in this way, prayer to Him is very different from prayer to our Lady or the Saints or the Holy Angels. When we pray to them, they can only in return pray to God for us : but He is absolute and sovereign in His answers to our prayers. As He alone can have supreme worship or supreme love, so He alone can receive prayers as the Judge from Whom there is no appeal. Great is the

power of the Saints when they pray; and far greater the power of Mary, but they can give us nothing but that which they obtain for us from God. And to Him in the last issue we refer all our prayers, whether we ask a Saint or an Angel or our Lady to pray for us. It is a great joy thus to think of God.

Prayer teaches us also that God gives rewards and inflicts punishments. I am speaking now of the fact of prayer not of its reasons. That God can reward and punish is a sufficient reason, why we should pray to Him; but on the other hand the fact that we ask Him to reward us or not to punish us whatever the reason may be, shows that we know Him to be the Dispenser of punishments and rewards. That which we do is a proof of that which we think.

Besides this we profess by prayer our belief in His absolute Knowledge, Power and Love.

If He could be ignorant of one thing, He could be ignorant of all things; but as He cannot be ignorant of one single thing, even the smallest, He must know all things. And very wonderful in this far-reaching, all piercing Knowledge of God. As there is nothing so great as to be beyond His reach, so there is nothing so little as to escape His notice. That which seems oftentimes trivial to us is not trivial to Him, though His Knowledge is infinite. And I think that we can often learn more about God, from those things which are little than from those things which are great. If God did not know all about us, our trials and sorrows and temptations and sins and natural inclinations and strength and wishes and needs, what would be

the use of praying to Him? But He knows these things far better than we can know them ourselves, and so is always more ready to hear than we to ask. Thus He makes allowances for us, which no one else could make or could have the right to make. It is or ought to be a greater consolation to us in every day, that we are in the Hands of God, and not in the hands of creatures. Though we are so vile and our Creator is so pure, yet who would not rather be judged by God, than by any creature, even the best and purest?

Again, the fact of our praying shows that we believe in the Power of God. It would be of no use praying to Him if He knew all things and yet had not Power to act according to His Knowledge. If He knew all things necessary for us and yet were not able to give them, prayer would be a mockery. But He can do whatever is right. If He can do whatever we ask Him, He can do all things. By His Knowledge of every thing we ask Him in prayer, and by His Power to do all that we ask, we know of His infinite Knowledge and Power. There is nothing which He cannot do, except those things which are contradictions in themselves or contradictions of His moral Nature: thus He is all-powerful.

But He is always willing to give us that which we need, especially for our souls. Strange as it seems, He actually desires our salvation far more than we can desire it ourselves. In whatever way we offer our prayers to Him, He is always most anxious to send us blessings. If we ask per-

sons in this world to pray for us, He hears their prayers. If we ask any Saint or Angel, or all Saints and Angels to pray for us, He receives their prayers with great joy. It is because of His great Love, that He often chooses to work by inferior agents and second causes. So it is with prayer: "Another Angel came and stood before the Altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer of the prayer of all Saints, upon the golden Altar which is before the Throne of God. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the Saints ascended up before God, from the hand of the Angel." Still more gladly does He receive our prayers, when we put them in the golden censer far purer and more precious and more beautiful than that which the Angel holds in his hand, that is, in Mary's sinless Heart. Very acceptable to our Heavenly Father are the prayers which we offer by her. Thus when we pray, whether we know it or not, whether we feel it or not, God is listening to us and His Ears are open to our prayers. He overshadows us with His great glory, and hides us secretly in His own Presence. This is His Love, His all-constraining, all-subduing Love. He is Strength, Wisdom, Goodness, Power, Knowledge. Love, Grandeur, Truth, Beauty, absolutely to be desired in and for Himself, and greatly to be worshipped in all His works.

THANKSGIVING.

We have considered our relation to God as regards adoration, prayer, and penance. Let us go on to see what

we mean when we speak of thanksgiving.

Out of all the people in the world, there are very few who really pray, and still fewer who do penance as they ought. And there are few who *give thanks* for the blessings they receive, compared with the numbers who *pray* for those blessings before they come. Then, again, of those who do give thanks, how few are there who do it, not because of themselves but for God; not because He has been bountiful, as He always is, in His gifts, but because He is what He is in Himself. Why, then, ought we to give thanks to God?

The answer is, first, for Himself, because He is God. "We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory." No one can tell, until He tries, how inspiring it is to thank God for this. It is not only right but necessary for us to thank Him for all that He does; still, as a drop of water to the wide unfathomable sea, so is our praise for what God does compared to our praise for what God is.

We have next to give thanks to Him for what He has done in creation. We know Him now in two worlds in which He has worked, the one natural and the other supernatural. He is wonderful in all His works and for them is greatly to be praised, whether they be in the order of nature which is very beautiful or in the order of grace which is more beautiful by far. But there must first be nature if grace has to be superadded; according to the saying of St. Paul: "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; afterwards, that which is

spiritual." So that, although the Angels and Adam were created in sanctifying grace, we have still to praise God for what He has done and is doing in nature, before we praise Him for what He has done and is doing in grace. Yet we do not forget that, according to St. Thomas, the very least supernatural beauty is far greater than all natural beauty which is or can be. There is of course one exception, and that is God Himself. Every thing that is good is natural and nothing can ever be supernatural to Him; for He can never be raised to any higher end than that which belongs to Him naturally.

We therefore praise God and give thanks to Him, first, for being what He is; then for His works of nature; and then for His works of grace. This is the order of the worship which St. John saw in Heaven, the order of those ever-ascending praises which he heard.

The four Intelligences before the Throne "rested not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was and is and is to come."

The four-and-twenty Ancients "adored Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the Throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because Thou hast created all things."

Then they praise the Word Incarnate for the mysteries of Grace; they "fell down before the Lamb," and "sung a new canticle, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take

the book and to open the seals thereof; because Thou wast Slain and hast redeemed us to God in Thy Blood."

Now the works of God for which we thank Him, as the Creator, are these: Heaven and earth, and all that is in them; the souls and bodies of men, both the saved and the lost; the Angels, both the faithless and the faithful; the Immaculate Soul and Body of Mary; and the Sacred Body and Sacred Human Soul of Jesus.

Then, again, His works in the supernatural order are these: the habitual grace and actual graces of the Angels, their gifts, the revelation made to them, their rewards and punishments; His dealings of a similar kind with men; the grace, gifts, prerogatives, and dignities of Mary; and the grace of our Lord's Human Soul, its endowments, gifts, and Personal Union with the Word.

After this, and as a part of this, we thank Him for what He has done for ourselves, His gifts of nature and grace, His answers to our prayers.

Now, these are our thanksgivings; and thanksgiving is praise, and this kind of praise is adoration. So we come back to the point from which we started. Prayer and penance pass away; but adoration is eternal.

It is eternal in Heaven, the Home of the Blessed and the City of God. There the praise of the Redeemed is like "the voice of many waters," like "the voice of great thunders," like the sound "of harpers harping on their harps." All things are made new for those who adore in

the light of the Divine Presence; they sing "a new canticle before the Throne," a canticle unheard, unknown, save only in that sinless Kingdom; a song of most thrilling melody, a song of most piercing sweetness, a song of purity and strength and beauty. White-robed, palm-bearing, golden-crowned, they stand on "the sea of glass mingled with fire," "having the harps of God." Upon them falls the light of an Eternal Day. They are in the golden-paved City, within the jasper-walls and "the gates of pearl." For them the crystal River flows; for them the Tree of Life yields its fruit; for them the Marriage-Banquet of the Lamb is always spread. No sorrow can reach them, no pain can touch them, no darkness can fall upon them any more for ever. Little indeed can such words tell us of the blessedness which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard;" but they are the words of the Eternal Light, fitted to our darkness, and they express Heavenly Realities. But the end of it all is, that these souls have returned to God, from Whom they came. They have attained their final end; they are "before the Throne of God" in the New Jerusalem, loving and praising, praising and loving, "serving Him day and night in His Temple." In their tranquil Majesty, in their changeless Beauty, "they reign for ever and ever," and look out upon the Beatific Vision from beneath the splendor of their golden crowns. In their midst is "the Throne of God and the Lamb." No created light is needed in that City, no created temple stands in its shining streets; for "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb" are its Light and its Temple. The servants

of God “serve Him, and see His Face.”

May He, in His great love, bring us to that Vision of Blessedness where there is no more temptation and no more sin.

J E S U S.

H I S P A S S I O N.

It is good for us often, as we pass by, to turn aside and see what that great Sorrow is, to which no other sorrow can be likened. There is a most plaintive, mournful voice calling us always; and sometimes we listen and sometimes we do not. That voice tells us of the Passion of Jesus, and the bitterness of the chalice which could not pass from Him.

We ought to try always, very earnestly and very reverently, to enter a little way into the depths of our Lord's Passion. But ungratefully and unlovingly we forget Him and all that He has done for us.

No one can in the least understand the greatness of His suffering both in Body and Soul. Divine Sorrow and Divine Suffering are altogether beyond our reach. We can look on and wonder, but we cannot comprehend. Like an overshadowing darkness all His Passion rises before us, and we can only kneel down in the midst of that darkness and be still.

Yet the more we think of our Lord's Sufferings the more we must love Him. Let us try therefore reverently and lovingly to think of His pain and sorrow.

There has never been in the world any pain of body like His. All bodies have not the same capacity of suffer-

ing. Some are very sensitive and others very dull in their organization; and these feel the same pain very differently. As a body is more perfectly formed, so in the same degree it is more capable of feeling pain and conveying the sensations of pain to the mind. Now our Lord's Body was the most perfect Body that was ever created. It was made miraculously by the Holy Ghost, and was perfectly fitted for its union with the Word. Its whole organization, in its nerves, tissues, muscles, blood, bone, flesh and skin, was sensitive according to its perfection: "A Body Thou hast prepared Me." In this Body our Lord suffered, because as God He could not suffer. Though in His two natures He is only One Divine Person, yet His Passion was suffered by His Humanity and not by His Divinity. Strictly speaking, His whole life was His Passion; for He was always "a Man of Sorrows," because of the greatness of His knowledge. There was no ignorance in His Human Soul as to the scheme of Redemption, and the sufferings through which He had to pass. Clearly and plainly they were always before His Mind, because of His foreknowledge. But in speaking of His Passion, we ordinarily mean the closing scenes of His life; and then, indeed, His Agony was very terrible, very intense, and very piercing. He was struck often on the Face, and His Divine Checks were bruised by the blows. His Back was literally torn to pieces by the heavy thongs of the scourges. His Hands and Feet, in their very tenderest parts, were pierced by the nails; and as His whole weight dragged upon them were

rent and torn. The long sharp thorns were^o driven into His Head. His Lips and Tongue, parched up by His burning thirst, were only moistened with vinegar and gall. This was the Agony of His Divine Body.

Next, think of the suffering of His Soul. As He suffered in His Body all sufferings but those which involve a contradiction, so also He suffered in the whole essence of His Soul, and in all its inferior powers. He suffered also, as St. Thomas teaches us, even in the superior Reason, but only as a power may be said to suffer with regard to its subject. He did not and could not suffer as regards its Object, that is, God, Who was always to Him the cause of joy and gladness. What, then, were the external causes of this suffering? They were Jews and Gentiles, men and women; the populace, and the rulers both in the civil and ecclesiastical order; His enemies, and those who were strangers to Him; and worst of all, His friends whom He had called. Peter denied Him, and the rest forsook Him, except John, who followed Him. Judas was the traitor; and his name is a name of shame and ignominy for ever. Besides these things, He suffered in His bodily senses. It was, of course, His Soul that suffered through His Body; for it is only the soul that feels. But some of these sufferings seem especially to belong to the soul, I mean those which He suffered without any violence. Thus He suffered greatly through His sense of smell among the corpses on Mount Calvary; greatly by His hearing, when He listened to the hoarse

cries, the imprecations, and the blasphemies of the multitude; and still more by His Eyes, when He saw beneath the cross the Disciple whom He loved, and His own Virgin-Mother, whom He loved far more. In this way we may think of His Passion; and then go back and trace it upwards through the Five Sorrowful Mysteries of our Lady's Rosary.

But terrible as all this was, there was something far more terrible still. There was an Agony to which nothing else could be compared; a weight of suffering to which all other sufferings seemed light. More than the great sea to the smallest shallow are the sufferings of Jesus to all the sufferings of creatures, and yet in the deep there is a lower depth. He was a Victim of Expiation, a Sacrifice offered for sin. He actually stood in the place of sinners, and bore the burden of their sins. This Agony surpassed all His other agonies, more than those agonies surpassed all the sufferings of creatures. Here we come to the very Holy of Holies, the innermost Shrine and Sanctuary of suffering, where the Lamb without spot or blemish stands thorn-crowned and pierced with nails; where the Great High Priest entering into the Holy place, by His own Blood, is Himself the Victim, hidden, as it were, from men and Angels and God by the thick dark veil of the sins of His own creatures. If He was always "a hidden God," surely He is hidden now; hidden in the depths of His Love and Agony; hidden in the light of His own disfigured Beauty; hidden in the

Wine-press and on the Altar, by defilements which are not His; by a darkness with which He, in Himself, had nothing to do, but which rose out of the abyss, on whose brink He stood; by a horror of trembling and affright, because He Had so willed, "that through the grace of God, He might taste death for all." If we sorrow with Him because of His other sufferings, much more ought we to sorrow with Him, in this greatest suffering of all. It was this weight, crushing and terrible, which constrained Him to say, "My Soul is sorrowful even unto death." There is a strange and attractive mysteriousness about this: we seem lost and bewildered, yet strongly drawn to Him, when we think of that special Agony which came upon Him, as the Satisfaction for sin.

Now none of this was suffered for Himself; it was all suffered for us; for the whole world and for each individual soul. He was a "Lamb without spot or blemish," and had a special and sovereign Sinlessness, even as Man, because of the Hypostatical Union; and yet He suffered and died. "Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows;" "He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His Passion we are healed;" "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

What return then ought we to make to Him for all that He has done for us? He has delivered us from the devil, from the world and from ourselves, from the guilt

of sin and its punishment. By Him we are reconciled to God; by Him we are faithful; and He is the Living Way by which we can enter within the Veil into the Heavenly Kingdom. In return for this He only asks us to love Him. His was a Love stronger than death; many waters and many streams of blood could not quench it. Strong and deathless is and ever has been and will be the love of His Sacred Heart; weak and worthless and ever-changing is our love; and He is content to accept this in return for His. Did any one ever hear of such an exchange as this? It is God stooping down in His everlasting love to the need and poverty of His creatures. It ought to teach us to say with St. Paul, "He loved me, and delivered Himself for me." It ought to make us love Him, as if we Had lived with Him, and seen Him suffer. He is no stranger, but our best and truest Friend, and He could not have proved His Love more than by giving His life for each one of us, as He did. With a strong undying love, we ought to love Him, when we think of all this.

But His Passion, though so intensely sorrowful in itself, is the way to the city of Peace. "By His knowledge shall this My Just Servant justify many." Our Lord has merited His own exaltation and the exaltation of His servants, who are members of His mystical Body: "He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; therefore God hath exalted Him." And it was promised to Him that, because of the suffering of His Soul, He should see the fruits of His Passion,

and be satisfied : “ A Lamb stood on Mount Sion ; and with Him a hundred and forty and four thousand, having His Name and the Name of His Father written in their foreheads.”

“ After this I saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues standing before the Throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.”

“ Who are they ? and whence came they ?”

“ These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.”

HIS DEATH.

The great Agony came to an end, and the dead Body of God hung upon the Cross. The frantic outcries of the people, their blasphemies and ribaldry, died away on the Divine Ears of the Incarnate Word. The winter, for Him, was past ; and, for Him, the rain was over and gone. His soul had entered that silent land, where “ they have not heard the voice of the oppressor,” where “ the wicked cease from tumult, and the wearied in strength are at rest.” The storm of wind and waves was hushed at last. Suddenly “ the wind ceased, and there was made a great calm.”

That “ great calm ” was the Death of the Son of God. The terrible time, which is called the agony of death, having come for four thousand years to His creatures, one by

one, has now come to Him. He, being the Creator, the Lord of Life and its Giver, because He is one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, now dwells, like His own creatures, "in the midst of the shadow of death." That which He knew always by simple knowledge, He has now learnt experimentally by dying. He has not shrunk back from one consequence of His Incarnation "in the likeness of sinful flesh." With His Divine Lips He has drained to the very dregs the chalice of His sorrow. With His Divine Feet He has gone down into "the pit, wherein is no water," only vinegar and gall; into the very lowest and deepest depths of His humiliation and shame. He is that good Jesus, Who came down from Heaven "to seek and to save that which was lost." For our sakes He was made "a spectacle to men and Angels;" for our sakes He hung on the Cross "as an outcast," "in the midst of the people," "being made a curse for us;" for our sakes He was "counted among them that go down to the pit." "I am become as a man without help, free among the dead : like the slain sleeping in the sepulchres, whom Thou rememberest no more."

Death is the separation of body and soul; a separation which would never have been, if Adam had not sinned. "By one man sin entered into this world, and by sin, death : and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned." As, therefore, our Lord died really and not figuratively, His Soul was separated from His Body. So, being dead, His Body, personally united to His Godhead, was

laid in the Sepulchre; and His Soul, also personally united to that same Godhead, “descended into the lower parts of the earth,” and “preached to those spirits that were in prison.”

How was it, then, as He is a Divine, and not a human Person, that His Body thus united to God could be dead, whilst as long as a body is united to the soul it is necessarily alive? All the actions of God in Himself are necessary: but as regards created things, they are free. The soul is the form of the body, and therefore, when united to it, gives it life directly and immediately. But God cannot be the form of the body; and so He gives life to it, not formally, but efficaciously. This being so, according to St. Thomas, and the actions of God in creation being free though eternal, the Personal Union of the Word with the dead Body of Christ did not of necessity give it life.

Again; the Body of our Lord was united to the Person of the Word by the instrumentality of the Soul. But His Soul was separated from His Body: how, then, did the Body remain personally united to God? “The gifts and the calling of God are without repentance.” No grace is ever taken away from any one, unless through some fault on his own part. This is true of the grace of adoption, by which we are made the children of God; much more, therefore, is it true of the Grace of Union, by which the Flesh of our Lord is so united to his Godhead, that even in His Sacred Humanity He is not a creature, nor the adopted Son, but the natural Son of God. As, then, there

could be no fault of any kind in Him, it was impossible that He could be "dissolved" by the separation of His Divine Nature from His Body, though dead. Besides, as St. Thomas observes, when we say that our Lord's Divinity was united to His Body by His Soul, we do not mean that His Soul, was a sort of band fastening two things together, but we mean that His Flesh by means of His Soul pertains to that perfection of Human Nature which He chose to assume. And even after the Body is dead, there is a something left in it by the Soul; that is, a certain virtue, which we might call the principle of the Resurrection.

This was the manner of our Lord's Death; and that death was not for Himself, but for us. "Christ died for us;" "Christ died for our sins;" and "now once, at the end of ages, He hath appeared for the destruction of sin by the sacrifice of Himself." He was partaker of flesh and blood, "that through death He might destroy him that had the empire of death, that is, the devil."

Now, our Lord merited for us by His Life and by His Passion; but He did not merit in His Death, for the power of meriting is in the Soul united to the Body; and by death they are separated.

Besides, death is not something that we do, but something that we suffer. We come to the appointed time; then God calls our souls and we pass, by death, with our merits or demerits to the judgment. So the mere act of dying can not be meritorious. We may merit indeed by it beforehand, by accepting it from God, and submitting

to it cheerfully and resignedly, and thus with His own weapons overcoming Satan; but we can gain nothing in the way of merit, by the act of separation itself. Yet on the other hand, as we can gain no merit, so we can gain no demerit from the act of dying: and this thought takes, much of its terror from death; and casts a light on us when, as far as men can see, we are lying helpless in our last agony.

Still, our Lord's Death is lifegiving, if not in the way of merit, yet in the way of efficacy. For His Body was always personally united to God; and so it effected our salvation even when dead, not because of its death, but because of that Divinity to which it was united. Therefore, as death is a privation, the effect of our Lord's Death is felt in taking away those things which are opposed to our salvation. Thus, by it the sting of death is destroyed: "O death, where is thy sting?" "Death is swallowed up in victory." And over those who are united to Him, "the second death has no power." "Hell and death were cast into the pool of fire." He reigneth from the Tree. His strength is in His pierced Hands. Beyond all thought He is venerable and beautiful, majestic and powerful, in the stillness and helplessness of death.

Thus, the prophecy is fulfilled: "His Sepulchre shall be glorious." With the supreme worship, due only to God, we adore His Soul, as it dwells in the land of the departed. With the same divine worship we adore His dead Body as It hangs on the Cross; as It is taken down from

the Cross ; as It lies in the arms of Mary ; as It is carried to its Burial ; and as, wrapped in clean linen, its holy Winding-sheet, It rests in the new " Sepulchre, that was hewn in stone, wherein never yet any man had been laid."

HIS RESURRECTION.

" On the first day of the week, very early in the morning," in strength and majesty, silently and resistlessly, He rose from the dead. " Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell, nor suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption." The grave had no power over Him ; and death could claim no victory. " He was offered because He willed ;" and, as He laid down His life, so, by His own power, He took it again. The noblest and most wonderful Temple that even God had ever made was destroyed ; but within three days He had built it up. Nothing without Him is ever made, nothing without Him is ever done ; for He is the Divine Wisdom, Who " reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly." It is He alone Who " openeth, and no man shutteth ; shutteth, and no man openeth."

For a little while, in His chamber, He had taken His rest in sleep ; wearied and worn out, He lay peacefully in His rock-hewn sepulchre ; wearied and worn out, He slept on through the day and night. The pains of death had encompassed Him ; He had tasted of its bitterness ; the darkness of the grave had fallen upon Him ; the earth had swallowed Him up. Lifeless He was taken from the

Cross, and from the arms of Mary; and lifeless He was laid in His grave. There He was left in His Winding-sheet, with silence and the Angels.

Darkness fell upon the world as His dead Body lay in the midst of that shining company. The sun rose, bringing daylight to the nations; but the Sacred Humanity of the Word, tranquil in death, lay sleeping an unbroken sleep. The hours passed by, and again the darkness came; and still He slept. Worn out and wearied, now that His night has come, He is resting from His work.

During all this time, the faith of Mary was strong and clear and steadfast. Not one faintest thought of mis-giving troubled her heart; not one faintest shadow of darkness fell on the brightness of her spirit. That widowed, desolate Virgin-Mother was never more majestic, never more beautiful, never more gracious than now; the Bride of the Holy Ghost was never more worthy of herself and her wondrous graces and her Divine Spouse. Except the sorrows of Jesus, the world had seen no sorrow which could be compared with hers. Never can there be such again; and never have been, or can be, such tranquillity and fortitude, such a victory of resignation and such a majesty of woe.

So Mary loved, and waited, knowing the appointed time. "He standeth behind our wall, looking through the windows, looking through the lattices." He is "in the cliffs of the rocks, and the hollow places of the wall." She says, "Show me Thy Face, and let Thy Voice sound in

my ears." She consoled the sorrowful, strengthened the wavering, reassured the doubtful, gave courage to the timid, and wisdom to the unwise; and yet, through it all, was only waiting for Him, for the awakening of the Beloved; waiting in loneliness and patience for the coming of the day.

Far away in the darkness lay the Precious Blood, guarded by the Angels. It is Divine Blood, the Blood of God, by which the world has been redeemed. Wherever it be, in Gethsemani or on Calvary or the Way of Sorrows, it is always to be adored. His Body, amidst the frosts of death, was lying cold and helpless in the Sepulchre. The Angels were adoring it, as they adored it on Tabor, or afterwards by the Lake of Gennesaret, "when the morning was come, and Jesus stood on the shore." His Soul was in the world beyond the grave, receiving divine honor from the Angels and the Spirits of the Just.

He was still on the Mountain of myrrh; for the day had not yet broken, and the shadows were not yet gone. Mary waited for the coming of the Day; He is Himself, in His Strength and Beauty, the Day which can never end.

At last the time of His Resurrection comes. His Soul is reunited to His Body, as the Angels look on and wonder; and again His Divine Blood flows through His veins. If St. John were once more in his home of rest, he would again be able to hear the beating of the Sacred Heart.

Silently, in the darkness, through the great stone, He

comes back again to the world. Silently, and in strength, the victory is won and the world knows it not. Again the prophecy is fulfilled, "The Desired of all nations shall come;" and again, as of old, the First-begotten is brought into the world, and the Angels of God adore Him.

From His long warfare He comes back in triumph. He has won the victory for Himself, and with His own right Hand has destroyed the empire of death. The prince of this world is judged and cast out. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His Strength?" It is Jesus the King of kings, clothed in the light of the morning and the beauty of the Resurrection, in His undying Loveliness, in His unchanging Strength, in His majestic Wisdom. "On His Head are many diadems;" and "His name is called the Word of God." He is "the First-fruits of them that sleep;" "the First-born of every creature;" "the First-born from the dead." He was dead; but now He is alive, and over Him the grave can have no more dominion. He "liveth for ever and ever;" in His Hands are "the keys of hell and death."

Mary was waiting for Him in the house of John. No roof but his was found worthy to shelter the Mother of God. Her guardian was to be "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" his house was to be her home. Out of all the world, Jesus on the Cross had chosen John for Mary.

There Mary waited for her Son, and thither her Son

hastened in the moment of His rising.

Nothing half so beautiful has ever been in this world as that meeting of Jesus and Mary after all their suffering and sorrow. Then they entered the Promised Land, where the "River clear as crystal" flows ever "from the Throne of God and of the Lamb," and ever, with its flood, makes glad the City of the King. It was the meeting of the Redeemer with that one of His Redeemed whom He had kept in sinless purity; the meeting of the Divine Bridegroom with the first and dearest of His Brides. It was a meeting of the creature with God, in the full light of the New Creation.

What were the thoughts of Jesus as He met His Mother, and told her (though she knew it before) that the days of her mourning were over? And what were the thoughts of Mary as she looked upon Him, not now disfigured and bruised and torn with blows and scourges, but "chosen out of thousands," and "all lovely," with "His Head as the finest gold," and "His Face shining as the sun"? What did Mary think when she met Him with His white raiment and golden girdle, radiant and glorious in the light of His deathless Kingdom?

I do not know what to say, for I do not know what to think. I believe that He then so strengthened her that she was able to endure the Beatific Vision, and look upon the Face of God. Deep then called to deep, the deep love of the Heart of Mary and the still deeper love of the Heart of Jesus. Silently, in speechless love, she welcomed

Him back from the dark land ; from the bitterness of His agony ; from His long and terrible warfare. Thankfully and lovingly she gazed on His Face, the Face of the King in His beauty. She was altogether steeped in the Beatific light and the Beatific love. “ The left Hand of the King was under her head, and His right Hand embraced her.” “ As she held her peace, He took the golden Sceptre and laid it upon her neck, and kissed her.” They are within the “ gates of the Holy City ” that has “ the Glory of God.”

M A R Y.

SANCTIFIED FOR GOD.

Every day of our lives, God seems more wonderful, more beautiful, stronger, and more attractive. As the child Jesus "increased in wisdom," not in reality in Himself, but in the manifestations of His wisdom to men, so God, unchangeable and indivisible, seems to us day by day to increase in wisdom and beauty. But there is no change in Him. No shadow of increase or decrease can come near that Uncreated Act, simple and eternal, which is God. The change is in ourselves; and it is very blessed for us if, in our constant changing, we get nearer to God, instead of going farther and farther from Him.

So likewise the works of God, because they "live, move, and are" in Him, become more beautiful in our sight. They partake of His beauty in their different created degrees. With varying measures of light and shadow they pass before us; and we can see Him in them as they pass by. Everywhere we can see around us the writing of the Divine Finger on the wall; everywhere we can see the marks of the Divine Hand, and the impress of the Divine Will. If He is great, glorious, and incomprehensible in Himself, so also He is great, glorious, and incomprehensible in His works. Though all those works are finite in themselves, yet, because of Him, they have in

them a something which binds them to what is infinite; for they were thought of by infinite Wisdom, desired by infinite Goodness, and made by infinite Power. Thus all the works of God, from the smallest to the greatest, are to us ever-springing fountains of new wonder and new love.

But, amongst creatures, Mary is God's greatest work. The Sacred Humanity of our Lord, though created, is not a creature, because of its Personal Union with the Word. High above all other creatures, peerless in love and beauty, sun-clothed and star-crowned, Mary reigns in majesty and glory, beside which all created glory grows dim. Hers is the strongest intelligence, hers the purest will, hers the brightest radiance and most burning love, in the sinless world of Saints and Angels, in the light and Kingdom of God.

In all worlds, indeed, she is the first, in the worlds of nature and grace and glory. Most beautiful, fullest of grace, most glorious, there is no other creature like her. There are none like her; and to her there are none second. When we wish to see God in His works, we can never see Him so easily and so perfectly as in the sinless ever-Virgin Mary. She teaches us more than all other creatures about each of the Three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity. This she does especially by her Three Sanctifications. Only we must bear in mind that, as regards creatures, the Three Divine Persons concur equally in all that They do. When one Divine Person does any thing what-

ever in creation, the other Two do it equally with Him. It is therefore only by appropriation, that we attribute our Lady's Sanctifications to different Persons of the Blessed Trinity. When the Father sanctifies her, the Son and the Holy Ghost sanctify her with Him. When the Son sanctifies her, the Father and the Holy Ghost act with Him. And when the Holy Ghost sanctifies her, the Father and the Son concur equally and perfectly in that Sanctification.

Mary's first Sanctification is her Immaculate Conception; and this is attributed to the Eternal Father.

God preserved her from the doom and curse which fell upon Adam, and all the race of Adam, because of sin. The darkness of original sin never for one moment sullied the brightness of her Sinless Heart. The pure gold was never tarnished, and its glory was never dimmed. She is like a garden in a desert; a crystal tower amidst ruins; a house of gold, whose glory is within, shining purely in the darkness; "a lily amongst thorns." She had such a part in the First Resurrection, that not only "the second death," but Satan himself, had "no power" over her. Created and confirmed in grace at the first moment of her existence, she is the second and more glorious Eve, the crown of the second Adam, the spiritual Mother of all who are alive by grace. St. John the Baptist, the great Precursor of our Lord, was without sin in his nativity; but Mary goes beyond him far in gifts and graces, and is Sinless in her Conception. This is the mystery of her Pre-

destination, and thus she was sanctified by the Eternal Father. Thus she is specially His Daughter, elect and perfect. "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters;" "One is my dove, my perfect one is but one;" "Thou art all fair, O my love; and there is not a spot in thee."

She is the Virgin-Mother of the Incarnate Word. She has a pure joy of maternity which no creature but herself can have. Her Son did not destroy nor lessen, but consecrated and made still more beautiful, her perpetual Virginity. Raised above all laws of her state and sex, saved even from all bodily ailments to which otherwise she would have been liable, kept ever in her purity and fragrance, in all ways undefiled, she is the Flower of the rod of Jesse, and her Fruit is Emmanuel, Incarnate God. Gabriel said to her, in that sweet midnight, when "the Almighty Word leaped down from Heaven, from His royal throne:" "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore, also, the Holy, which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God." Thus the Father and the Holy Ghost sanctified Mary for the Word. God is charity: "He brought me into the cellar of wine, and He set in order charity in me." The Sacred Humanity was formed miraculously by the Power of God from the pure Blood of the Heart of Mary. "King Solomon hath made Him a litter of the wood of Libanus. The pillars thereof he made of silver, the seat of gold, the going-up of purple; the midst

he covered with charity, for the daughters of Jerusalem."

Mary's third Sanctification was amidst the fires of Pentecost. Then the Holy Ghost sanctified her for Himself as His Sinless Bride. She became the teacher of the Church; an Apostle with the greatest gifts; an Evangelist with the sweetest and most prevailing Gospel. Her Divine Spouse, in those living fires, made her the bulwark of the Church: "The law shall come forth from Sion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Mary is the true City of peace, being without sin, from and by whom the Word of God came into the world. So also now, as to the Faith, she is "the Fountain of gardens, the Well of living waters, which run with a strong stream from Libanus." And being thus the guardian of the faith, she is a light shining in darkness; a light dear to the friends, and terrible to the enemies of God. "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" The Uncreated Spirit claimed her as His own, setting her "as a seal on His Arm," and as "a seal on His Heart."

Thus Mary is blessed above all creatures, being the elect Daughter, Mother, and Spouse of God. She is the true Esther, whom God with a great love has bound to Himself. "The King loved her more than all the women; and she had favor and kindness before Him above all the women, and He set the royal crown on her head, and made her Queen." This is the love of the Eternal King for

Mary ; and by and through that love she is now reigning on her Throne, the Queen of the great kingdom of Jesus, the Mother of all who dwell in the New Jerusalem, the Mistress of the eternal household, the Dispenser of the hospitality of God. More than all others, she loves God, and is "like to Him," seeing "Him as He is." More than all, she is made to His "image and likeness;" and more than all, she dispenses to others the gifts she receives from Him. Through her, most perfectly, we can see and know what is done in Heaven to those "whom the King desireth to honor."

SANCTIFIED FOR JESUS.

The end for which Mary was created is the Vision of God. As all men and all Angels were made for this end, so also was Mary. But besides this, in the divine Decrees, she was specially chosen and specially sanctified that she might be the Mother of God.

This is the highest dignity to which any creature can be raised. The Sacred Humanity of our Lord, by Personal Union with the Word, is God. Now, though God can always make something better than He has made, because all His works are finite and He is infinite, yet He cannot raise any created substance to a higher dignity than Personal Union with the Word. In the same way, the Divine Maternity of Mary is so perfect in its own order that nothing can be better. I may add that according to St. Thomas there is only one other work or gift of God of which the same can be said. God never can create a

soul so perfect, that He cannot make one more perfect; but He cannot give a higher gift to creatures than the intuitive Vision of Himself. If we, by the mercy of God, are saved, we shall see Him as He is, face to face. The Human Soul of Jesus and the soul of Mary see God thus in the Beatific Vision. But besides this, Jesus and Mary are specially united to God, one by Personal Union, and the other by Divine Maternity. Such thoughts as these are very useful to us, when we wish to see the way in which Mary was sanctified for our Lord.

Our Lord is Emmanuel, that is, God with us. God indeed is every where, by His Essence, Presence, and Power, and if we are in a state of grace He is with us also by His Love. But when He came into the world by Mary He was God with us in flesh and blood. Though a Divine Person, He was a true man like us in all things except sin. In Him the order of the old creation is reversed. Though He is her Creator as God, yet as man, the second Adam, He is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, formed purely and miraculously, in sweetness and strength, by the Eternal Spirit.

What is like the Purity of God? "Our God is a consuming Fire." The sinlessness of the Angels, who stood, seems to Him to be nothing; and even the Heavenly New Jerusalem is not clean in His sight. All purity and all loveliness are only faint created shadows of Him whom no creature can behold, until strengthened by Himself for the Vision. If even the pavement of the Heavenly City

is said to be of pure gold, like crystal, what must God Himself be, Who is eternal uncreated Light? The glory of the lowest Saint or Angel in Heaven would destroy us by its brightness if we could see it; but we, grovelling in darkness and dust, are much nearer to the highest Saints and Angels than they are to God. What then must be His Majesty and Purity and Glory?

This God, of whose glory we cannot even think, is He Who, in His second Eternal Person, became Incarnate. "Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord," was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary." The more we think of this, the more we shall understand our Lady's glory. Her love and beauty keep ever rising on the soul. The knowledge of Jesus is the ever-springing Fountain, whence flows our knowledge of Mary. It is simply impossible for any one, looking at her by herself, to know what great things God has done for her. As the moon, ruling the night, shines by the brightness of the sun, so does Mary, ruling the night of this world most graciously and lovingly, shine by the light of the Sacred Heart. Thus we know what Mary is, because she is the Virgin-Mother of our Lord. "The Lord hath sanctified His Tabernacle." Even for the foundation of the Temple in Jerusalem they brought "great stones, costly stones," stones perfectly square. This care for the hidden foundations of the House of God is only a type of the care with which God built up and sanctified the pure immaculate Temple in which was celebrated the Bridal of the Hu-

man and the Divine. Mary is the true City of God, of which David speaks, when he says: "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the tabernacles of Jacob. Glorious things are said of thee, O City of God." Mary at the beginning of her life was far dearer to God than all Saints when they have finished their course with joy. Her sanctification was according to the measure of His love.

Now all this was for the sake of Jesus. The glory of the second Adam and the second Eve is as much greater than the glory of the first, as the beauty of the New Creation exceeds the beauty of the old. What are Eden and Euphrates and the trees of life and knowledge compared with "the Paradise of God;" and the "Tree of Life," "bearing twelve fruits," "in the midst of the street" of the Heavenly City; and the "River of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb?" What was Adam to Jesus? or Eve to Mary? Beyond all thought, the second Creation is more glorious than the first. Its light is purer, its love is stronger, its joy is deeper, its praise is louder and more thrilling; the stream of its glory flows in a fuller torrent, and the Courts of its Temple are trodden by holier feet.

In this New Creation Mary is the Queen, because Jesus is the King. He has given to her a share in the sovereignty which belongs of right to Him, which He won for Himself. "He held out toward her the golden sceptre which He held in His hand, and she drew near, and kissed

the top of His sceptre." "The little fountain which grew into a river, and was turned into a light, and into the sun, and abounded into many waters, is Esther, whom the king married, and made queen."

Mary is the "Fountain sealed up," "the Fountain of Gardens," "the Well of living waters." From her came the Eternal Wisdom Incarnate, Who is "the true light, that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." He is also "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel;" "the Sun of Justice," Who has arisen "with health in His wings." Thus again Mary is the true Esther, crowned with stars and "clothed with the sun." She reigns upon her throne for ever, as the Bride and Queen whom God has chosen.

"The little Fountain" has indeed grown into "a very great River;" has indeed "abounded into many waters." The Son of our blessed Lady is God, the great King, Whose power never can be taken away; Whose Kingdom never can be destroyed.

With Him, in His love and glory, Mary is reigning. "The light and the sun rose up;" "The sun and the moon stood still in their habitation." Jesus and Mary reign over Saints and Angels in a Kingdom which cannot change. There is a glory whose brightness never can be dimmed: it shines in the eternal Sabbath which God has provided for His people: "The light of the Moon shall be as the light of the Sun; and the light of the Sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of Seven Days."

ST. JOSEPH.

The end of creation is the glory of God. It is the Will of God that His life should, as it were, flow out beyond itself. His Essential Glory is Infinite, Immense, Unchangeable : yet He is always gaining fresh accidental glory from His works. All creatures are made by the Word : and they all exist for Him, as He is Incarnate. In His Sacred Humanity, He is the Head of creation ; He is not only "the Image of the invisible God ;" but also "the First-born of every creature." It is only in the Church that this can be understood. It is only in the light of the Faith, that we can worship Jesus with divine worship ; and worship Him also as the first of the servants of God.

The Word Incarnate is the centre of the divine Decrees. For Him creation exists ; to Him it is ever rising. Kings, Patriarchs, and Prophets, waited for His coming. When the light from Heaven fell upon a soul, it looked onward with keen, searching gaze to the day of the Messias. They knew Him to be "the Desired of all nations," and "a Pastor, the stone of Israel." Type and ceremonial, psalms and traditions, prophecy and sacrifice, all pointed to Him ; were lit with His light ; bore witness to the world of the day of His appearing.

Therefore we measure the dignity of any creature by the place which He chose for it with regard to Himself. For grace is proportionate to office ; and holiness propor-

tionate to grace, when grace is rightly used. It is thus that we understand the beauty of Mary's sinless Heart, and the majesty of her throne. They who are brought nearest to the kindled fire of the Sacred Heart are clothed with the whitest raiment, and have on their heads most of the sunshine of the Heavenly Kingdom. This is the especial glory of all those who are in the hierarchy of the Incarnation. Of the great Precursor of our Lord, St. John the Baptist, our Lord Himself speaks most strongly: "This is he of whom it is written: Behold I send My Angel before Thy Face, who shall prepare Thy way before Thee. Amen, I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist." Of the Apostles of the Word it is said: "The wall of the City had twelve foundations, and in them the twelve names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb." Of St. Mary Magdalen our Lord says; "She hath loved much:" "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her."

"The souls of the just are in the hand of God;" and no mortal eye can penetrate within the Veil. "I saw in the right hand of Him that sat upon the Throne a book written within and without, sealed with seven seals." And no one but our Lord, "the Lion of the tribe of Juda," can prevail "to open the book, and loose the seven seals thereof." They who see God "as He is," see also the Saints as they are in Him.

Now, there are three persons who are especially connected with Mary, in the mysteries of the Incarnation: I mean St. Joseph, St. Gabriel, and St John the Evangelist. Mary was sanctified for Jesus and only for Him. But Joseph, Gabriel, and John are chosen for a special work, with direct reference to the Immaculate Heart. Their final end is God; but their chief work in this world, as regards creatures, was the care of God's greatest treasure. God entrusted her to them. Let us begin with St. Joseph.

The Holy Ghost bears witness that St. Joseph was "a just man." These words are very easily said, and yet what a great meaning they contain. Mary's highest blessedness was the perfectness of the way in which she heard the word of God, and kept it; and so Joseph's highest blessedness is the perfectness of his justice. But they who keep the commandments of God do justice. And if they keep the counsels also, they do justice more perfectly. No one, of course, could for a moment think that the obedience of Joseph or of any Saint was like the obedience of Mary; but his obedience was very great and very wonderful; and this emphatic testimony to his justice is given by the Holy Ghost.

The next glory of St. Joseph was his vow of perpetual Virginity. It is quite possible, and I think probable, though there are difficulties in the way of such a supposition, that he made this vow for one end; that to him might be committed the guardianship of the Immaculate

Virgin-Mother of God. At any rate, most fitly because of his perpetual Virginity, does this glorious Patriarch bear always a lily as his emblem.

What a great light must have filled the souls of those men, under the old Law, who thus consecrated themselves to God. Such a consecration of ourselves now, in the light and knowledge that have been given to us, seems but little when we think of the spiritual insight that must have been theirs, and the measure of their heroic virtue. They were indeed spiritual discoverers of new lands of untold loveliness. And great was their reward. There were not many under the law of Nature, or the law of Moses, who saw this light and followed it. But they who heard the voice calling them and went whither they were called were very glorious, and had great rewards, were very faithful and very true. They who lived in Holy Virginity before the Gospel, are these; Abel, Melchisedech, Josue, Elias, Eliseus, Daniel, the Three Children, Jeremias, St. John the Baptist, and St. Joseph. And it is an honor to St. Joseph to think what heroic men, as we know from Hebrew tradition, went before him in the path that he chose for himself.

I take the following statements from Cornelius a Lapide. The Fathers teach in common that Abel lived and died a Virgin. St. Ignatius in his Epistle to the Philadelphians, delivers to us the tradition that Melchisedech, King and Priest, remained a Virgin, the whole of his life. Again, in the same Epistle he says "Ye Virgins

illuminated by the Holy Ghost, keep Christ alone before your eyes, and His Father in your souls. I bear in mind your sanctity like that of Elias, of Josue the son of Nave, of Melchisedech, of Eliseus, of Jeremias, of John the Baptist, of the most beloved Disciple, of Timothy and Titus, of Evodius, of Clement, and of those others who have departed from this life in Virginitv." The same St. Ignatius in another place teaches us that Josue, enlightened beyond the age in which he lived, was a Virgin in life and death : and so also say St. Jerome and St. Chrysostom. Jeremias also, sanctified before his birth, a Priest, Prophet, and Martyr, died in Virginitv, as St. Ignatius and St. Jerome testify. And indeed as A Lapide says, this truth is evident, because God Himself forbade Jeremias to marry : "The Word of the Lord came to me saying, Thou shalt not take thee a wife, neither shalt thou have sons and daughters in this place." There were some who thought that Jeremias would return with Elias to bear witness against antichrist, but A Lapide says that the common tradition of the Fathers is that only Henoch, who has not yet died, will return with him. Again, as to Daniel, he says, that all agree that he lived unmarried and preserved his virginitv unsullied till death ; and St. John of Damascus says that for this chastity he was saved from the den of lions, as the Three Children were brought unharmed from the Babylonian fire. He especially ascribes this miracle to their purity and virginitv. Something very like this happened in the Catholic Church, when St. Cunegunda living in holy virginitv with her husband St.

Henry, (as Eve, according to universal tradition, lived with Adam in Paradise, till they were driven out) walked with naked feet unharmed, upon bars of red hot iron. Her virginity and purity seemed also in another case to give her especial power over fire : so that, when she was living after her husband's death, in a convent, built by herself, she extinguished a great fire which was raging in it, by the sign of the Cross. And to apply this spiritually, we are told that the devil once said to St. Dominic, not the Founder, but one of the Order, who had overcome a severe temptation to sin against purity, Thou hast overcome, for thou hast been in the fire and art not burnt. But we must remember that virginity in itself is nothing, without the corresponding purity of heart. It is by these two things joined together that we can offer the most perfect and most acceptable of all sacrifices to God.

As I have mentioned Jeremias in connection with Elias, I may briefly set down what we find in the same Commentator with regard to Elias, and Henoch who is with him. They are, as the Fathers teach in common, in Paradise, either the first Paradise mentioned in Genesis or in one like to it or better. They are confirmed in grace ; and though they do not see God, yet they have much light and consolation from Him, and converse familiarly with the Holy Angels. They are sustained by the hand of God, without bodily food or drink. God keeps them in perfect health, and preserves even their garments from decay, as He did for Israel during forty years in the wilderness.

They constantly rejoice and exult in Him ; and give Him thanks continually that He has chosen them out of so many millions of men, to return at the end of the world, contend for Christ against antichrist, and convert the Jews. At last they will receive a glorious crown of martyrdom, and after three days and a half will rise again. They also by their translation and incorruption set forth to men the faith and hope of the resurrection. He says also that the Fathers teach this everywhere, and that such is the common belief and tradition of the faithful. And he also says that according to this common tradition it is believed that antichrist will spring from the tribe of Dan, that is, be lineally descended from him. This also is the teaching of all the Fathers. Some have thought that Henoch and Elias still can merit, since they are still wayfarers ; but others, amongst whom are Pererius, Suarez, and Vasquez, think they can not, and that their translation is reckoned to them as death.

We may dwell further for a little while, in honor of St. Joseph, on these Saints. Abel and Melchisedech were the two great types of the Priesthood of our Lord, Who is a Priest after the order of Melchisedech, and not after the order of Aaron. It shows us very clearly the Purity of our great High Priest and the dignity of His Sacerdotal Office, when these shadows and types of His Priesthood had to be Virgins like Himself. Abel is the first of the Virgin-Martyrs, (amongst whom Jeremias also is numbered), a Priest but not a king : and Melchisedech is the

first and most glorious of all kings, a Virgin-Priest, but not a Martyr. Josue, the Virgin-Warrior, was specially a type of our Lord, as He defeats and destroys the armies of darkness, and leads His people into the Promised Land, through the waters of Jordan, that is, judgment. Elias, strong and vehement and burning with zeal and love, listened to the Divine voice and followed; and for this, he was taken from the world in a whirlwind, by a chariot and horses of fire. Eliseus was the type of our Lord, the true Nazarite, in His Church, working miracles and protecting His people; and even by his relics a wonderful miracle was worked. "Some that were burying a man saw the rovers (from Moab) and cast the body into the sepulchre of Eliseus. And when it had touched the bones of Eliseus, the man came to life and stood upon his feet." Thus it has always pleased God to work many miracles, even to these days, by the relics of his Saints. Daniel was delivered from the den of hungry lions, was confirmed in grace, and called a "man of desires," a man greatly beloved. Wonderful visions of the Ancient of days and the Son of man were shown to him; and he spoke marvellous prophecies about the Messiah and His Kingdom. God heard his prayers as he had heard the prayers of Elias; "Elias was a man passible like unto us; and with prayer he prayed that it might not rain upon the earth, and it rained not for three years and six months. And he prayed again; and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." To Daniel the Angel said, "O Daniel I am now come forth to teach thee, and that thou mightest

understand. From the beginning of thy prayers the word came forth and I am come to show it to thee, because thou art a man of desires." And "the man that was clothed in linen, who stood upon the waters of the river" said to him; "Go thou thy ways until the time appointed; and thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot unto the end of the days." When Israel went into captivity, Jeremias was chosen by God to hide the ark of the Covenant in a cave in Nebo, near the grave of Moses. For we are told in the Sacred Scriptures, how this "Prophet, being warned by God, commanded that the Tabernacle and Ark should accompany him, till he came forth to the Mountain, where Moses went up and saw the inheritance of God. And when Jeremias came thither he found a hollow cave, and he carried in thither the Tabernacle and the Ark and the Altar of Incense, and so stopped the door. Then some of them that followed him came up to mark the place, but they could not find it. And when Jeremias perceived it he blamed them, saying, The place shall be unknown till God gather together the congregation of His people, and receive them to mercy." The cave was hidden miraculously, and none but Jeremias himself knew of it. The common opinion is that the Ark, Tabernacle, and Altar of Incense, were not discovered with the sacred fire which Nehemias found under the form of thick water in the cave where it had been hidden by the Priests; but that the place in which they are will be revealed at the end of the world, when God, by Elias and Henoch, shall convert His own people, the Jews, and unite them to the Gentile

Church. St. John says afterwards in the Apocalypse ; “The Temple of God was opened in Heaven : and the Ark of His Testament was seen in His Temple.” The Three Children as they are called (though they were about 57 years old at the time) were delivered from the fire. “ King Nabuchodonosor made a statue of gold, of sixty cubits high, and six cubits broad, and he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon.” But Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, called otherwise, Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, would not adore the golden statue, at the command of the king. The account which the Sacred Scriptures give of their faithfulness is so beautiful that I give it at greater length. They knew that God could deliver them out of the fire if He pleased ; but even if He should not choose to do so, still they are determined to be faithful to Him, to death. “ If you do not adore, you shall be cast the same hour into the furnace of burning fire ; and who is the god that shall deliver you out of my hand ? Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago answered and said to king Nabuchodonosor ; We have no occasion to answer thee, concerning this matter. For behold our God, Whom we worship, is able to save us from the furnace of burning fire, and to deliver us out of thy hands, O king. But, if He will not, be it known to thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods, nor adore the golden statue which thou hast set up.” “ He commanded that the furnace should be heated seven times more than it had been accustomed to be heated.” “ Immediately these men were bound and were cast into the furnace of burning fire, with

their coats and their caps and their shoes and their garments. For the king's commandment was urgent and the furnace was heated exceedingly. And the flame of the fire slew those men that had cast in Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago. But these three men, that is, Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, fell down bound in the midst of the furnace of burning fire. And they walked in the midst of the flame, praising God, and blessing the Lord." "Then Nabuchodonosor the king was astonished, and rose up in haste and said to his nobles, Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered the king and said, True, O king. He answered and said, Behold I see four men loose and walking in the midst of the fire, and there is no hurt in them, and the form of the Fourth is like the Son of God." "Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago went out from the midst of the fire. And the nobles and the magistrates and the judges and the great men of the king being gathered together considered these men, that the fire had no power on their bodies, and that not a hair of their head had been singed, nor their garments altered, nor the smell of the fire had passed on them." Apart from the lives of Jesus and Mary, I can scarcely think of anything grander and lovelier than those three aged men walking in the furnace of burning fire, singing hymns to God. We have doubtless often seen great furnaces, white in the intenseness of their heat, with bluish flames, quivering and trembling upward, so piercingly hot and bright that it is almost a pain to look at them. Now let us imagine these holy men walking un-

harméd in such a furnace, in the midst of the fire, with a Fourth, Who is like the Son of God. O Ananias, Azarias and Misael, help us here in the fires of sin and temptation and sorrow : help us hereafter, in the fires of Purgatory.

These are the Saints, glorious and majestic in their purity, who went before St. Joseph, on his way, and such as they were on earth, such are they in Heaven. Great was the love and care of God for them, and great also were and are their rewards. But Joseph, a greater than these, obtained a greater reward.

Mary was the Spouse of Joseph. She went up with him to Bethlehem; then through the desert to Egypt; abode with him there amongst the idolaters; again traversed the desert; then dwelt with him in the Holy House at Nazareth. Many years, till his head was white, he waited for his work. Silently and patiently he prepared himself for it; and his grace was in proportion to the dignity of his office. So with love and care, passing words, he overshadowed by his presence the Virgin-Mother of God, and shielded her from the evil world; hiding her "from the disturbance of men;" protecting her "from the contradiction of tongues."

He was the foster-father of Mary's Divine Child. He Who created all things, and Who sustains all things, took His "daily bread" from Joseph's hands. Joseph became to Him, in created things, a sort of shadow of His own Eternal Father. Jesus was subject to him, as to Mary; and in all things honored him. The Word Incarnate toil-

ed in his workshop ; and at his bidding lifted the hammer or the axe or the saw. Very graceful was the life of this holy Patriarch, and very pathetic also, if we rightly understand it ; though he did not taste of the bitterness of the Passion ; and was not hidden in the sorrows and darkness of Calvary.

Thus we see what love and reverence we ought to have for St. Joseph. Unknown, tranquil, stayed on God, he does his work, and his life is hidden, and he passes within the Veil. There is something very attractive in the way in which he was withdrawn from the sight of men, and something also very majestic in the silence of his life. An indescribable loveliness hangs over the Holy House at Nazareth, and through it we can see Mary and Joseph always loving and adoring Jesus as the time draws nearer and nearer for His three years Ministry and Passion and Death.

In the light of that peaceful home the death of St. Joseph is hidden with God. We know nothing of it, save only that Jesus and Mary were with him when he died. Still, we know that his joy must have been very great : “ The voice of rejoicing and of salvation is in the Tabernacles of the Just.”

There is no death so full of grace and peace and love and joy and holiness, as a death in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

ST. GABRIEL.

“In the year that King Ozias died, I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and elevated; and His train filled the Temple.” This sight, so full of glory and majesty, broke on the spiritual gaze of Isaias, as he looked into the Courts of the Eternal Temple. The Veil was lifted, and though he entered not through the golden Doors, yet he saw that great Glory which was hidden within. The six-winged Seraphim were there, crying ceaselessly one to another and saying, “Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Hosts; all the earth is full of His glory.”

That world of Angels, of which he caught a glimpse, is far more wonderful in one sense than this world of men. At present we know only of two rational creations, one Angelic, and one Human; and the Angelic creation is the more glorious of the two. Our nature indeed in Jesus and Mary is more glorious than all Angelic nature; in Jesus, because of the Hypostatical Union; in Mary, because of her Divine Maternity; but in itself it is lower than the nature of the Angels. Gifts of nature and gifts of grace, altogether beyond our thoughts and beyond our imaginations, are found in that Angelic world. The Angels, in their Nine Orders, are indeed most beautiful and most wonderful works of God. There is a harmony and symmetry in their Hierarchies and Orders, like the symmetrical perfection of the Heavenly City, that was measured with the

reed of gold: "The City lieth in a four-square, and the length thereof is as great as the breadth;.....and the length and the height and the breadth thereof are equal."

In each of the three Hierarchies there are Angels of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. It is thought by many that there are not only three Orders in each Hierarchy but also three Choirs in each Order. In the lowest Hierarchy are the Angels, Archangels, and Principalities. Then come the Powers, Virtues, and Dominations; and in the highest Hierarchy are the Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones. The Angels are guardians of men and are distinguished for humility. The Archangels watch officially over those who have temporal authority, and possibly over some who have spiritual authority in the lowest degrees, such as Deacons and those in minor Orders. They are especially distinguished for love. The Principalities, or Princes, as they are sometimes called, watch over kingdoms, countries, dioceses, and religious communities; and have great purity of intention. The Powers have special strength and intelligence against evil spirits and so succour us in temptations, most of all, when we invoke them and ask them to help us. For this reason I think that the official Angel-Guardians of Bishops and Priests are chosen from them. The especial work of Bishops and Priests is to counteract the devices of satan and his evil angels, to resist all the strength of darkness, and to help people to overcome temptation; and this is the very work of the Powers. The Virtues rule the na-

tural world and direct what we call the works of nature or second causes. They help us in sickness. St. Thomas believed undoubtingly that all the natural creation is permeated by bright, everflowing streams of Angelic life, moving it and governing it according to the Will of God. I believe this firmly myself. And the greater and more wonderful that the discoveries of modern science may be, the more they will go to confirm this doctrine. The Dominations or Dominions have great zeal for the glory of God : and their chief work is to manifest His Will. The Seraphim are on fire with love, the Cherubim with knowledge ; and they have a special devotion to the Son and the Holy Ghost. On the mighty Thrones, strong and immoveable and tranquil in their majesty, God is seated : they are Angels of Power and Peace, with a special devotion to the Eternal Father. Angels, Powers, and Seraphim, Spirits of love, are the Angels of the Holy Ghost : Archangels, Virtues, and Cherubim, Spirits of wisdom, are the Angels of the Son : and Principalities, Dominations and Thrones, Spirits of power, are the Angels of the Eternal Father. Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, and Virtues are active Orders, that is, ministering Spirits. But Dominations, Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones are contemplative Spirits, adoring before the Face of God. There are some who have included the Dominations amongst the active Orders, but I think it is almost certain that they are contemplatives, with the first Hierarchy. In one sense even the contemplative Angels may be called ministering Spirits, because they obtain so

much for us, by their prayers : as the Apostle says ; “ Are they not all ministering Spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation ? ” It is however possible, and I think even very probable, that the Apostle in this verse is speaking only of the Angels, that is, of the lowest Order ; and means that all the Angels of that Order at some time or another are Angel-Guardians of men.

There are also Seven Angels who stand especially before the Throne of God. There are many difficult and most interesting questions as to the mission of the different Orders of Angels : but I shall pass these by for the present. I may however just speak of the names of these Angels. The Seven Angels then who stand before the Throne are Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Sealtiel, Jehudiel, and Barachiel. The first three names are certain ; the last four are not certain, but have been gathered from Holy Scripture, and in confirmation of this are said to have been revealed to Blessed Amadæus, a Minorite, a man illustrious for sanctity, miracles, and the gift of prophecy. Michael means, Who is like God : Gabriel, the Strength of God : Raphael, the Medicine of God : Uriel, the Light or Fire of God : Sealtiel, prayer to God : Jehudiel, the praise of God : and Barachiel, the Blessing of God. Sealtiel is thought to have been the Angel who appeared to Agar in the wilderness : Barachiel was probably the Angel, who stood alone with Abraham, representing God, when the other two Angels went on to Sodom : and Jehu-

diel was also probably the Angel of Israel, of whom it is said in Exodus: "Behold I will send My Angel, who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared."

The more we know about the Angels the more we must love and revere them. There is something most intensely attractive in a purely Spiritual creation; and the Angels are pure Spirits, like God, without bodies or any admixture of matter; only they, as our Souls, are created and God is Uncreated. It is very much to be desired that we should have a far greater and far more constant devotion to the Holy Angels than we have. For bright and strong and beautiful beyond all words and thought are these Angels of God. And God Himself, our Father, is indeed very glorious in them; much to be admired, much to be loved, for all their wisdom, beauty, and power.

Long ago, in what seems to us to be the dim twilight of "the Beginning," "there was a great battle" amongst the Angels, and one of their leaders "Lucifer the son of the morning" fell: "He was cast down to the earth and his angels were thrown down with him;" "They prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in Heaven." This was the first great victory of "St. Michael and his Angels" over the enemies of our Lord. The angels who fell, being in number one third of the Heavenly Hosts, are "reserved under darkness, in everlasting chains, unto the judgment of the great day."

It is wonderful that men should think so little of the

Angels as they do ; for in them very clearly can be seen the Divine Hand of God. And they who love Him take pleasure in all His works ; in those most in which they see most of Him. If we do not take a great interest in works of God which do not immediately concern ourselves, it must be because we are in the number of those of whom the Apostle says : “ All seek the things that are their own ; not the things that are Jesus Christ’s.” In seeking that which belongs to Jesus, we seek that which is God’s ; for Christ is God.

It would be impossible in a short space even to allude to the very wonderful things which Theology sets before us concerning the Angels : as to their nature, their numbers, their order, their love, their beauty, their wisdom, and their power. But at present I am thinking mainly of that which concerns our Lady and St. Gabriel.

It is of faith that all persons are watched over by the Angel-Guardians. And it is certain that each person has at least one Angel-Guardian specially chosen by God to watch over him. It is the common opinion that the Guardian-Angels are ordinarily chosen from the Angels : extraordinarily from the Archangels ; and for nations and kingdoms from the Principalities. Further I think also that every one’s ordinary Guardian is an Angel : and that the official Angel-Guardians of Bishops and Priests, as I said before, are chosen from the Powers. The difference of the official Angel-Guardians, as I may call them, depends on the measure of authority which

God has given or allowed to different persons, whether that authority be in the natural or the supernatural order. Of course mere social distinctions do not in any way whatever influence His choice of Angels, for any particular work. All such distinctions are "of the earth, earthly," without any value in the sight of God, for, as St. Peter tells us, "God is not a respecter of persons." In His sight all men are absolutely equal, and He has no more regard for a prince than for a beggar: nor on the other hand has He any more regard for a beggar than for a prince: "In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh justice is acceptable to Him." Our Lord Jesus Christ died for all equally, and God wills that all men should be saved.

Thus all persons in temporal authority, such as Kings, Judges, Magistrates, and others, who have personally Angels as their Guardians, would also have Archangels as their Guardians officially. The same may be said, as I remarked before, of those who have only lesser degrees of spiritual authority. And again, all persons in high spiritual authority, over the natural or mystical Body of Christ, such as Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests, would not only have Angels as their personal Guardians, but also Powers as their Guardians in their office and work. The Holy Father, as Vicar of Christ, Head of the Church, and Fountain of all authority, whether ecclesiastical or civil, has doubtless, besides his own Angel who watches over him personally, many Angel-Guardians, not

only from amongst Archangels and Powers but also from the Principalities. For whatever the world may say or do, however it may rebel against him or withstand him or deny or ignore his claims, he is not only *de jure*, but *de facto* in the sight of God, the source and fountain of all authority, whatever it may be, and however it may be exercised.

Again, infidels, unbelievers, men in every kind of mortal sin, have Angel-Guardians. Every one who has ever lived in this world has had his Angel-Guardian attending him from his birth to the Particular Judgment. Adam and Eve had Angel-Guardians in Paradise, and after their exile; Angels who loved them and watched over them in the unclouded happiness and sunshine of Eden, amidst its fruits and flowers, and also amidst the sorrows and pains, the storms and darkness, of that thorn-bearing world, wet with tears and blood, to which they were driven. Judas's Angel only left him when he hanged himself. Antichrist will have his Angel-Guardian from his birth to his death; even when the abomination of Desolation is standing in the Holy Place, even when he is blaspheming God in His Temple.

Our Lord had legions of Angels always attending Him, but not an Angel-Guardian; for the Word was the Guardian of the Sacred Humanity. Our Lady had her own Angel-Guardian; and another who watched over her as the Virgin-Mother of God, and doubtless many more. The Angel of the Incarnation was St. Gabriel. I purposely

pass by at present all questions as to the order to which St. Gabriel belongs. But the more that we understand the Incarnation, and our Blessed Lady's share in its mysteries, the better we shall see what devotion and love are due to St. Gabriel. And though he is Mary's Guardian-Angel, as she is the Virgin-Mother of God, yet he doubtless with other Angels watched over her, from the first moment of her life. It seems unnatural that he should only begin this work and labor of love, at the Annunciation.

Again, St. Gabriel is one of the first and most glorious of the subjects of our Lady's Kingdom. There is something especially beautiful in her sovereignty over the Angels. Like a gleam of the purest light and the most attractive loveliness, the thought of Mary, on her throne amongst the Holy Angels, passes through our souls. Our Lord is their Head as Man; and therefore our Lady is their Queen. Here, again, the light from the Sacred Heart falls on the Immaculate Heart; and Mary reigns in the great Kingdom which our Lord has purchased for Himself. "I beheld till thrones were placed, and the Ancient of days sat." "Thousands of thousands ministered to Him, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before Him." In the midst of these bright and majestic Intelligences, Mary is enthroned as their Queen, to whom they give a most dutiful and most loving homage. In their Choirs, Orders, and Hierarchies, they are round her like great seas of light, lustrous, throbbing, burning; and

she in their midst wisely and sweetly and graciously rules them all. Very strong is the love of the Holy Angels for Mary; and of Mary for them. She seems, if possible, sweeter and more gracious and more beautiful and more powerful than ever as she reigns over these strong and keen Intelligences, who acknowledge her sovereignty and delight in her sway.

High among the greatest Princes in that Kingdom, St. Gabriel stands before her throne. Bearing ever his jewelled Lily, in the white light of the day, he sees and loves "the Sulamitess," the "Prince's daughter," as he stands in the "going up of purple," and looks on the Throne of gold with its silver pillars, covered in the midst "with charity, for the daughters of Jerusalem;" where the King sits crowned with His sinless ever-Virgin Bride.

Once, in the darkness of the way, by the shores of the Dead Sea, he was the Guardian-Angel of the Queen, as she is the Virgin-Mother of God. Bright and strong in his mind for ever is the memory of Nazareth and Bethlehem and Egypt and Capharnaum and Cana of Galilee and the Way of Sorrows and Calvary and the Sepulchre and Olivet and the house of John at Ephesus. To all eternity he is filled with wonder at the sinless beauty of the life over which he watched. No creatures but Joseph the Virgin-Spouse and John the Virgin-Child of Mary can understand the love with which Gabriel loves her. Once he watched over her and loved her in the world,

and was always very near to her, ever wondering and loving more; and now, in the Heavenly Country, he is for ever near to her, and sees her more clearly still, as she is "clothed with the sun," in the glory of her Divine Maternity; and crowned with her Twelve Stars, because of her sinlessness and perfect life.

And through her great devotion to the Passion and her great love for the Sacred Heart in its Sorrow, she loves with a very tender and very especial love this blessed and holy Angel, who appeared to Jesus in His Agony.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Whatever Mary touches she makes beautiful. Her love and purity are not for herself only but for the world. Even by looking upon her, men were lifted from the world to God; and all darkness of soul fled away from her presence.

As we have seen, she was sanctified for God, being His elect Daughter, Mother, and Spouse. She was the Tabernacle in which Jesus dwelt; the Home that He had prepared for Himself; the Eastern Gate of the Sanctuary for ever shut for the Prince, by which "the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in;" the one only creature that can be like God, fruitful and ever-virgin.

But because she is so pure and beautiful and dear to God, all the Saints who are brought near to her are clothed with an especial sanctity, and made beautiful with an especial beauty, and, as it were, purified in a fire heated seven times hotter than it is "accustomed to be heated." It is for this reason that St. Joseph, St. Gabriel, and St. John the Evangelist have such a special attractiveness. They shine in the Heaven of God's love with whiter raiment and purer lilies than those who stand farther off from the glory within the Veil. I do not of course mean that they had not other glory, wonderful and great, personal to themselves. But there was not only their relation to God, but their relation to creatures in Him,

especially to the purest, wisest, and most perfect creature that He has ever made. Speaking in our human way, Joseph was especially dear to the Eternal Father, and Gabriel to the Eternal Spirit, and John to the Eternal Son. Joseph seems to be a created shadow of the Father; Gabriel, a created shadow of the Holy Ghost; and John, of the Only-Begotten Son.

So that each had a peculiar sanctity of his own, but had also another sanctity, as regards Mary. We have glanced at St. Joseph and St. Gabriel; we now come to St. John.

He lay upon the Sacred Heart when the darkness and Agony of the Passion were gathering thickly round it; and he is emphatically canonised by the Holy Ghost as "the Disciple whom Jesus loved."

But I am not now thinking of his relation to Jesus, but of his relation to Mary.

He was with Mary during the Passion. Through the long agony of that terrible night Mary was not with Jesus. In the thick darkness of that fearful time, she was in body away from her Beloved. Why this was we cannot tell, but so it was. Her meeting with Him, on the morning of the Crucifixion, is one of the Stations of the Way of the Cross. All through that night, when joy was turned into bitterness, and the very light seemed to be darkness, John went backwards and forwards, from Jesus to Mary, and from Mary to Jesus, with his tidings of sorrow.

He stood with Mary beneath the Cross. God, looking

upon the millions of men, and searching their hearts, chose him, from amongst them all, to be with that heart-broken, desolate Mother, when the height and depth of her grief were most unsearchable. No man but himself was there, in that great mingling of Love and Sorrow. He had need then of the strong, bright gaze of his eagle-vision, if he desired to see even a little way into that sea of Sorrow and Agony on whose shore he stood. There he listened to the last Seven Words; and saw the Divine Side pierced by the spear; saw the flowing forth of the Water and the Blood.

Jesus gave Mary to him for a Mother, and gave him to Mary for a son. Our Lord made them to be what He said; for He does not speak as man speaks. His words being the words of God are efficacious words and effect that which they say. Thousands of years before He had said, "Let light be." As soon as ever He spoke, "light was." With Him to will and to do are the same. He is still God, though dying on the Cross; and still His words stand alone in their Divine strength. John stood there also as the representative of the Church; for Mary is our spiritual Mother, and we are her children, redeemed from sin and death.

He took Mary, from that hour, to his home. He knew how to treasure the gift which his dying Master had given him and intrusted to his care. Was it not fitting that he who had lain upon the Sacred Heart should watch over the Immaculate Heart until the end? His love for

the Word Incarnate teaches us his love for Mary. Many have followed in his steps, but none have attained to his love. Great indeed was the love of Mary which filled the large hearts of men like Innocent the Third or St. Ildephonsus or St. Bernadine of Sienna or St. Francis of Assisi or St. Dominic or St. Bernard or St. Ignatius or St. Philip Neri or St. Stanislaus Kostka or St. Charles ; but their love for her was not like the love of John. And through the ages the love of Mary will grow deeper and stronger in the heart of the Church ; but there will be no love for her in greatness and strength like his : “ When Jesus therefore had seen His Mother standing and the Disciple whom He loved, He saith to His Mother, Woman, Behold thy Son. After that He saith to the Disciple, Behold thy Mother. And from that hour the Disciple took her to his own.” He had always taken her to his heart ; now he took her to his home ; took her also to be his own Mother as she had never been before. Thus John is the first and most loving of all the Children of Mary, and ought to be and is their especial Patron. It seems impossible for the Children of Mary not to cultivate a great devotion to the beloved Disciple, for there is not one of all her children so glorious and so loving. If we wish to have in our souls all those thoughts about our Mother Mary which we ought to have, how can we obtain them more easily and more perfectly than from him, whom Jesus on the Cross gave to her for a Son ? O, then, Children of Mary, love with a great love the first and most glorious of your brothers, and keep him always in your hearts.

Mary's grace and corresponding sanctity were now reaching their predestined height. Her path had been pre-eminently the path of the just, growing brighter and brighter to the perfect day. She had passed through her Seven Dolors, and her life was drawing to its beautiful close. She was living with the glory of her Three Sanctifications, overshadowing, enlightening, and crowning her Immaculate Heart. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost had made her specially Their Own. She had been perfectly predestinated, called, justified, and sanctified. She would soon be perfectly glorified. Then she dwelt in the house of John: and John, by Divine Wisdom, was chosen out of the world for her. And day by day he said the Mass, at which she assisted; and day by day he gave her Holy Communion. I can imagine no intercourse between creatures, higher, holier, purer, and more glorious than that in which the Disciple, whom Jesus loved, gave to Mary, His Mother, her Divine Son in that most adorable Sacrament, which really and truly is Himself. Well might the Angels look on and wonder, in love and praise.

It seems very strange that men's hearts do not turn far more than they do to that holy House at Ephesus. There John, Apostle, Evangelist, Patriarch, Archbishop, and Prophet dwelt with Mary, the ever-Virgin Mother of God and Queen of earth and Heaven; and Jesus, on the Altar, in the Blessed Sacrament, was with them. The thought of that day and hour when they had stood together beneath His Cross could never leave them. His Divine

Words were always sounding in their ears and hearts. They knew, as none else knew, how He had looked in His Agony, on His Cross. Every little incident in His taking down from that Cross and in His Burial lay imperishably bright in their memory. Not for one moment could they ever forget what His Words had made them to each other; those Words which came from His Divine Lips bloodless and dry with the heat of suffering, as the clammy Sweat of death stood on His thorn-crowned Forehead, and His annihilating Agony deepened to its close. Who then can in the least imagine the love of Mary and John, in their dear consecrated Home ?

Thus Mary was sanctified for God and Jesus : and thus Gabriel, Joseph, and John ministered to her. And evermore as the dark days go on, the remembrance of this is to us a tearful joy and a Morning Star shining through the storm. Whatever we may be or whatever we may have to suffer, no creature can take away from us this joy, that is, the knowledge of what God is and of what He has done. The day comes, swiftly, secretly, silently, when the dead live again and the lost are found. Above us hangs the bright Heaven, a world where sin can not enter, where sorrow cannot come. The light of God is there; and His Love: and the Home of the Blessed; and their joy.

PART II.

MARY: A POEM.

Brighter than sunshine on the hills, than day
Fairfaced and joyous, than the morning star,
The Heavenly light falls on us from on high,
From Sea of glass and rainbow-girdled Throne.
The world is dark, the world is wet with tears ;
The sorrow-stricken world, disconsolate,
Goes onward weeping, seeks and does not find,
But not for ever. For the years fill up
The fore-appointed cycle, and the dawn
Flushes the Eastern sky ; we wait in hope ;
The King will come again. In state He comes
And radiant light and love and majesty,
Wearing His Crown : a golden Cincture binds
His snow-white alb : like flames of fire His Eyes
Light up the renovated earth, and grief
No more can darken the fair world He made.

Here by the streams of Babylon we weep
Sitting beneath the willows with our harps
Unstrung ; with tearful eyes turned Heavenward
We see the far-off land, gaze through the mist,
On through the twilight and the darkling storms,
Upward and onward, past the hills and stars,
On through the Veil, on through the golden Doors
To His white Throne, Who is our life, from Whom
We came, to Whom we go, the sight of Whom

Is bliss supreme and changeless ; Whose strong love
Fills all the Holy Ones with breathless joy.
The crowned Intelligences, in the Day.

There myriad Angels, golden-crowned, white-robed,
In ordered Hierarchies, gleaming choirs,
Adore before the Throne ; and sweep their harps
And pour forth waves of such a wondrous song,
A song of strength and love and purity
And joy and praise, that all the Heavenly Land
Reechoes with that strange sweet harmony
Which earth has heard not nor can hear, until
Old things are passed away. An echo faint
But scarcely heard and little understood
Falls on us sometimes in the desert way.

Angels, Archangels and the Princes there
Stand round and worship, as the praise goes up ;
The Powers, and Virtues, Dominations strong,
The love-crowned Seraphim, and Cherubim
Filled with all knowledge, and the mighty Thrones,
Spirits of strength, crowned in tranquillity,
All wait on God unceasingly, and see
His unveiled Face, and worship as they gaze,
And lift their heads in light, whilst evermore
Widely and deeply waves of harmony
Flow round the Pillars and the golden Courts
Of the great Temple where the King doth dwell.
There Saints unnumbered, golden-crowned, white-robed,
Encircled in a mystery of love,

Beyond the Jasper-wall and gates of Pearl,
Bear wreaths of Palm. There all the ransomed Hosts
With Blood of Jesus ever on their brows
Dwell in the endless joy, from sin redeemed,
Brought into life, saved from the second death,
Gifted with perseverance, judged and crowned.
Thither are gathered the Predestinate,
Foreknown and sealed, having the unknown name,
The robe of white and manna and white stone,
The hidden secret number of twelve Tribes,
The true Election from the winds of Heaven.
These are the trophies of that victory,
When Jesus came from Bosra, all alone,
A Virgin-Warrior with triumphal spoils,
A Man victorious from the silent land,
A King with many Diadems, the Word
Bearing a Name on Vesture and on Thigh.

In Him the Saints rejoice and love and live
A life unchangeable; His gift, Who died
And rose again and dieth not; His gift
To all who seek in Him their life and rest.
All comes from Him; all beauty, love, and grace,
All wisdom, goodness, power, and truth are His,
Faint shadows of that burning light which shone
In Nazareth and in Gethsemani.
All comes from Him; all things the loveliest
Are shadows of His light; so all things sweet
And fair and pure and true are His; no love,

No prayer, no praise, no joy could ever be
Apart from Him ; the sighs of penitents,
Their tears and sorrow and their strength are His.
The fadeless blossoms on the Tree of Life,
That Tree, twelve-fruited, with its healing leaves,
The Crystal River with its ceaseless stream,
All brightness of the golden Battlements,
All fragrance of the Heavenly Paradise,
Live ever in the sunshine of His Face.

From Adam downward all the Saints are there,
Whose light has shone, whose love has brightly burned,
Warming cold hearts and lighting up the world
With light most glorious ; in word and deed,
True witnesses for God, a royal race,
Whose sacerdotal breastplates ever gleamed
With fire of beauty from the Throne unseen,
With power of knowledge and with light of love ;
A lineage of spiritual birth,
Kings standing always on the Altar-floor,
Priests always crowned upon the Thrones of Heaven.
Virgins are there, clad in their gleaming white,
The Lilies of the Heavenly Paradise,
In midst of whom the Spouse for ever dwells ;
And Martyrs, victors in their agony,
Clothed in their red apparel, dyed in blood,
Near to His Throne Who is the Martyrs' King.
From least to greatest, Saints elect and sealed
Dwell there in love which changes not, but flows

In streams unfailing, waters fresh and pure
And bright, like gold and fire ; around them hangs
That burning light of which their crowns are made.

From Adam downward all the Saints are there ;
Abel for ever in that land of love,
The first of Virgin-Martyrs, second Priest,
Offers his sacrifice ; there Noe dwells
At rest beyond the flood ; and Abraham
In the true land of Vision, on the Mount,
Looks on the light, amongst the faithful crowned.
Melchisedech, the Virgin-King and Priest,
Once King of Salem in a world of sin,
Brings forth no bread and wine ; for ever-spread
Lies the great Banquet which the King has made,
The King of Peace, in New Jerusalem.

Isaac with sons of promise, Israel
With those who overcome, and close by them
Joseph, who kept his raiment undefiled
In sinful Egypt, sit upon their thrones.
There Job, once sorely tried and patient found,
Is lifted from his sorrow and no more
Sits on the ground, for Heavenly blessings now
Are showered upon him brighter far and more
Than those which in the ancient days he had.

The chosen Lawgiver of Jacob's race
Looks at the Glory he desired to see,
Beholds the Victors with the Harps of God
Upon the Sea of glass, and hears them sing

His Song before the King, All-wise and True.
There with him in the mighty victory
With gleaming crown, not with a helmet now,
The first of Virgin-Warriors, Josue,
Is throned in peace; no sound of war is heard
Where sin is not; there shines the endless Day,
In Homes which need not Gabaon's listening sun,
Nor light of moon word-stayed in Ajalon.
There Samuel too, his soul no longer vexed,
Dwells in the land where God, not Saul, is King,
In peaceful glory and unanxious rest.
There Gedeon sees in truth the Fleece, which once
He saw in type, now wet, now dry, what time
The hordes of Madian camped in Jezrael,
And God delivered Israel by his hand.
There David, Prophet-King, by God beloved,
Who fought for Israel, lifts up his lyre
And sings new Psalms far sweeter than the old.
Eliseus, Virgin-Prophet, waits to see
His master come with him who walked with God,
To stand before the face of antichrist,
And die for Christ in those dark days of blood.
There too the Prophets dwell in ordered ranks;
Isaias with his deep strong love and thoughts
Of burning sweetness; Jeremias too,
A Seer and Virgin-Martyr in the world,
Crowned in the brightness after sorrow's night,
Where tearful Fountains spring no more, nor comes
A night or day in which to weep the slain.

Up in the Crystal Firmament, stretched out,
Amidst the living Creatures and the Lamps,
Ezekiel reigns in grandeur, who once saw
The fire-infolded Cloud, with amber lined ;
But now in Heavenly Brightness without cloud,
He sees the amber-girdled Sapphire-Throne,
Like rainbows in the clouds, the strength of light,
And round It the bright band of Emerald.
High on his throne that Virgin-Prophet sits
Who told the dark days of the Prince's death,
Brought in the strength of love and true desire
From leopard-haunted mountains and the dens
Of cruel lions. There the mighty Three,
Virgins, strong-hearted in their purity,
Who entered fearlessly the molten stream
And sang sweet Hymns amidst the quivering flames
Walking, in love unquenchable, with One,
A Stranger, like the Son of God, now dwell
In empyreal Palaces and reign
On flamegirt thrones beneath the radiant Dome
With fiery robes and crowns. All Prophets there,
Osce and Micheas and Malachi,
And others written in the Book of Life,
Sit crowned and welcome at the Marriage-Feast.
Esdras and Nehemias see their King
Within the walls which God without a sword
Built with His Hands divine ; those Jasper-walls,
The Battlements of New Jerusalem,
Are never burnt with fire nor broken down.

There too the Machabees, that noble sire
With five as noble sons, dwell in the Courts
By Gentiles undefiled ; the Holy Place,
In which they see the Object of their zeal,
Is never trodden by a stranger's foot:
The Temple in its strength and beauty there
Has all its ornaments and evermore
Is lit with glory of the sinless Day,
And they who tread its Courts are blest and free.

There Joachim and Anne behold their Child,
Who came in sinlessness, upon her throne
The Dayspring's Virgin-Queen ; and Simeon
Who in the Temple held her Child Divine,
And Shepherd-men who came to Bethlehem,
And Eastern Kings, star-guided to the Crib,
All reign with Him Whom in the dark they sought,
The true light-giving Temple and the Shrine
Of love and wisdom : purest gold is theirs,
Not gold of earth but that which shines in Heaven.
Gone are the myrrh-strewn mountains, but the Hills
Of Frankincense are there ; and in their midst
The Lamb upon Mount Sion, many-crowned,
Reigns on His mighty Throne, in Israel,
One Shepherd in one Fold, a Home of peace.

There is the mighty Messenger who came,
Himself foretold, to go before the King ;
Who stood in fearlessness by Herod's throne
With strong, uplifted voice reproving him

As one who loved the dark and in it lived.
So came he from his desert fastnesses,
A royal, solitary man, with God
Alone in his own greatness, amongst men ;
This is the Bridegroom's friend who gave his blood
For love. The Foster-Father of the Word
Incarnate, Dwelling in the world of men,
Is lifted up on high ; his throne of strength
In venerable beauty fills with light
The City paved with gold.

The chosen Twelve

Reign in the sinless Kingdom, with their Names
Graven on precious stones beneath its walls.
There in their midst, in untold majesty,
The first and greatest of the Popes is crowned :
Holding his Keys, wearing his Triple Crown,
Seated on throne far brighter than the sun,
Peter still rules his heritage, himself
The Rock on which the Church is built, the Prince
To whom the Keys were given. Mighty Paul
From Peter never parted in the light,
The Gentile world's untired Evangelist,
Bearing his children on his world-wide heart,
Hebrew of Hebrews, Saint of love once rapt
Up to the Throne of God, now rules with him
And sees his Loved One always face to face.
High on his throne in Apostolic Choir,
The Virgin-Prophet of the Bridegroom's Church,

Crowned with his triple Coronet of light,
Is John who leaned upon the Breast of God,
Steeped in the sweet, strong flood of love that flowed
From secret Fountains of that Sacred Heart
Which throbbed against his own.

There near the King,
More fragrant than her ointment, with her hair
Burning with light, love-kindled, when it dried
Those Feet Divine, soon riven with the nails,
On which had fallen the warm rain of tears,
His Feet in Whom her weary soul found rest,
Is Magdalen, blest Penitent and Saint,
Much loving, brightly crowned. There Barnabas
Seated in glory, near to Paul his friend
With whom he laboured when the days were dark,
Has changeless consolation. Mark and Luke
See the unfolded Gospel and the Fire
Of which they wrote in Egypt. Stephen there
Reigns with the Martyrs, wears his gleaming crown,
And needs no opened Heavens to see his Lord
At Gods right Hand.

Wise Nicodemus too,
Longinus, Dismas now in Paradise,
Martha and Lazarus and he who gave
A tomb to Jesus, see Him in His Life
And in His Kingdom reign. Ignatius
Who died because his Love was crucified,
Titus and Timothy and Polycarp

And Athanasius and Basil great,
Augustine, Ambrose, Clement, Cyprian,
Jerome and Chrysostom are in the Day :
Some shine more brightly, some with ray less bright,
All blessed in their love : the Heavenly Stars
Are not of equal lustre.

There on high
Is seen, in white, that Choir most beautiful
Of Virgin-Martyrs, who in sorrow lived
Heroic fortitude and purity,
Like Mary : Agnes, wedded to the Lamb,
That sweet Child-Saint, who answered without fear,
Faithful, before the tyrant, unto death ;
“ I am espoused to Him Whom Angels serve,
The Beauty of whose Face, the sun and moon
Behold with wonder ; He to me hath given
A ring by which He binds me to Himself,
And necklaces and precious stones and gold ;
So He hath set a seal upon my face,
And all things, old and new, for Him I keep,
My King belovèd and my Spouse adored ;
No other Lover can I have but Him
The Son of God to whom through fire I go : ”
Pure Catherine, with triple Coronet
Like John, the crown of Wisdom, Martyrdom,
And Virgin-purity, who fearlessly
Once stood beside the fragments of the wheel
That shivered into pieces at her feet

Less heartless than the tyrant ; then she gave
Her neck with gladness to the sword, and went
Straight to her Loved One, as by Angel-hands
To Sinai her fragrant corpse was borne :
Cecilia with the music of that voice
Which rang through Egypt, in its piercing strength
And melody of sweetness ; Lily fair,
Far sweeter than sweet Cane and Cinnamon,
Kept for the Spouse, kept from all touch profane
By her bright Angel-love, who afterwards
Stood with her in the fire and made it burn
In harmlessness : Sicilian Agatha
Whose bleeding wounds by Peter's hands were healed ;
Who said before the prætor's minions,
" The wild beasts harmless at the Name of Christ,
Will touch me not ; the curling flames around
Beneath the Angels' hands will be like dew ;"
Then longing for her Bridal with her Love,
Went to the fire as to a Marriage-feast :
And Syracusan Lucy, bright and sweet,
To whom in that betrothal to the King
Appeared with consolation Agatha
In white apparel from her Heavenly throne ;
That Lucy, borne in safety through the fire,
Who when the ruthless monsters threatened her
With hideous defilement, dark as night,
Dark as their souls, a thing without a name,
Extremity of woe for one betrothed
In marriage to the King, the Heavenly Love ;

Yet in that fiery trial did not fear,
 But leaned in strength upon her Spouse and said;
 "Whatever horror may be wrought on me,
 Far worse than death in its worst bitterness;
 Whatever, dark and terrible, may come,
 Against my will, like leprosy abhorred;
 My Love Who seeth all the heart's resolve
 And judgeth by the mind will love me more,
 And pity me who suffer for His sake,
 And double all the brightness of my crown:"
 Then, like a rock, she stood immoveable
 Held by the Holy Ghost with such a weight
 That satan's ministers of evil stand
 In malice impotent and baffled rage
 And can not drag her to the place of shame.
 Thus passing through the harmless waves of fire,
 Each waited for the Coming of her Spouse,
 Love-sick and fainting for her Love's Embrace;
 And in her Wedding-dress, a robe of flame,
 Sweeter than beds of spice on Libanus,
 Made ready for her Bridal with the Lamb,
 Sprang to His Arms and lay upon His Heart.
 Thus, white and ruddy, reign all Virgin-Saints
 Martyred for Jesus, faithful to their Love,
 His fragrant Lilies; Dympna, Ursula,
 Chaste Virgins for the Gardens of the King;
 With Domitilla, Nympha, Agape,
 Brides in the endless Love-Feast of their Lord;
 Irene, Eucratis, and Beatrice,

Crowned in the blessedness of joy and peace ;
Christina, Dorothea, Margaret,
With God and Christ, more precious far than pearls ;
Prisca, Erasma, Macra, Philumene,
Thecla and many more.

Thus do they dwell

With Him their Love Who brought them from the dark :
And as a garden, gemmed with radiant flowers
Bright-eyed and fragrant in the sunny noon,
Upon us poureth all its odorous wealth
In many-colored brightness and sweet scents,
Making us pause as each awakened sense
Is steeped in pleasure, whilst a summer wind
Warm from the South goes downward to the sea
Sweet-laden, heavy-winged ; so from these beds
Of Virgin-Martyrs, Lilies of the King,
Lying outspread in Valleys of the Day,
In pure, bright beauty of the sunny Noon
That burneth evermore refreshingly
In sunlit Gardens of the Spouse, there flows,
Upon the warm South wind unceasingly,
Fragrance like roses, cassia, myrtle-trees,
Spikenard, and incense, through the Heavenly Land
And to this wintry sea.

Like Abraham

There Benedict, amongst the highest Saints,
Sits on his throne with others in that height ;
Leo the Great, the Seventh Gregory,

The Third-crowned Innocent, and Boniface
Eighth of his name, the Fourteenth Benedict,
And Francis with his world-wide love, and Charles
With hand of iron and with heart of fire.
Henry and Cunegunda, Virgin-Saints,
In the King's Palace have a place and name
Better than sons or daughters. There are seen
Ignatius, with his well-loved Xavier
Whose feet upon the mountains as he went
Were beautiful with tidings of the Love
That filled his soul and drove him on to tell
His wingèd Gospel to the listening world :
And sweet-voiced Philip from the streets of Rome,
Greyheaded Saint of fire and charity :
Alphonso, like frankincense in the flame :
Paul of the Cross, whose children sweetly preach
In these dark days the Passion of our Lord :
And Dominic that lover of the Truth,
With helm and corslet burnished like the day,
Whiterobed, with lily, on his brow a star.

Brought to the sights in which he lived and loved,
Angelico, that simple, noble soul,
Pure as the light, sees sweeter Visions far
Than brightest of those bright imaginings
Of grace and beauty which he drew on earth.
And Dante, strong, majestic soul, intense
And plaintive, sees a brighter Paradise,
With clearer waters and more fragrant flowers,

Than that of which he dreamed ; for ever loves
A sweeter, purer Beatrice, the Strength
And Heavenly Wisdom and bright Charity
Of which by hidden images he wrote
In deathless words.

And there midst Angels reign
Great Thomas with his crown of martyrdom,
Anselm, and Swithin, Dunstan, Chad, and Hugh,
Edward, Augustine, Aldelm, William,
Cuthbert of Durham, John of Beverley,
Alban and Boniface and Winefrid,
Once loved in English homes but now unknown.
There sit on thrones of strength and loveliness,
Thomas, Angelic Doctor ; Hilary,
For doctrine and for eloquence renowned,
Who went like Henry on his virgin-way,
Then ruled in wisdom his great diocese,
A nation, saved from misbelief, his crown ;
And Scotus, herald of that wise Decree
Which sheds its lustre on these latter days
And glorifies our Holy Father's throne.
Suarez, De Lugo, Vasquez, Viva, there,
With Baker, Lallemand, and A Kempis see
That Uncreated Beauty which for them
Burned with its splendor on the mountain-tops ;
Of which as brighter shone the light they spoke
With deep and subtle and far-reaching thought
Or sweet discourse of kindled charity.

There Bernard, lover of the Sacred Heart
And Heart of Mary, Saint of love and strength
And sweetness ; Bruno, Laurence, Cajetan,
With Bonaventure of Seraphic fire,
Martin of Tours and Æmilian,
John of the Cross, and John of God, and Casimir,
Francis of Sales, crowned Louis, Bernadine
Who bore the name of Jesus where he went,
Reign in their glory and see face to face
Him Whom they loved on earth. So, by the Throne
That fills the Heavenly City with its light,
Are Stanislaus, Celestine, Borgia,
Camillus, Vincent, Aloysius,
The Hermit Paul, and Martyrs of Japan.

There are Teresa, Gertrude, Genoveve,
Clare, Juliana, Praxed, Angela ;
There are Perpetua, Felicitas,
And many Catherines and Liman Rose.
Brought from the East and West and North and South
Ten thousand thousand Saints in majesty,
Like burning glories fill the Heavenly Home,
Triumphant where the darkness cometh not :
Servants of God from every time and land
Circling the great white Throne praise Him and live.
These are the Everlasting Hills that stand
Round the Desired in New Jerusalem.

Thus flows the golden torrent ; thus the Day
Faces the sunshine always and stands still

In Heavenly brightness. Love and Purity
Wisdom and Beauty ever shine unchanged;
Strength, perfected in weakness, gives a crown
And golden sceptre on predestined thrones,
Loves its own work and seals its victory,
Keeping those crowns and thrones and sceptred spears
Most dazzling in their starry loveliness.

All light of earth grows dim beside that light,
The Coronet of Immortality,
Falling around the footsteps of the Blest
Who dwell in New Jerusalem and sing
The Hymn for ever new. That song of love
Poured forth in its majestic harmony
Trembles with sweetness round the amber-Throne,
And hangs melodious in the air and makes
Creation glad, filling with joy those Courts
Where Saints and Angels tread, that Home wherein
With ever-new delight the Blessed dwell.

Brighter their thrones than Emeralds in the sun,
Brighter than Chrysolite and Amethyst,
Brighter than footsteps of the new-born day;
Yet do they sink in dimness when the light
Of Mary's sunlit throne is seen on high;
All glory darkens by her flaming robe,
All stars grow pale when her bright star is near.
Within the circle of most radiant light
Outshining all created thrones by far
In majesty and beauty, ever new,

Is set her throne who wears a diadem
Of light most pure, the Mother of the King.
Upon that throne whose brightness sweetly falls
On places far and near ; brought close to Him
Who came by her ; in lustrous light, the blaze
Of Jasper-walls, far wider than the sea ;
Facing the day and wearing on her brow
Her Crown of Stars ; in light the brightest, clothed
With the broad, golden splendor of the sun,
Mary, the Queen, with Sceptre in her hand
Lies on the Heart of God.

In loveliness

And majesty she reigns at His dear side
Who from Amana brought her and the top
Of Sanir and of Hermon. On all lands
Her jewelled Sceptre shines, and far and wide
Pours floods of silvery light, while all her love
Encompasses that vast inheritance,
O'er which she reigns, with wise and gentle sway,
Crowned in her royal beauty. Thus her throne
Flames in the City of the Saints, all girt
With love and glory : so for evermore
She is by His dear gift who ransomed her
Pure, lovely, undefiled, immaculate ;
The solitary Star whose silver ray
Was never dimmed by sin ; the one fair Tree
Laden with bloom and fruit ; the second Eve
Far fairer than the first in Gardens new,

Eve of a brighter world, of life new-given
By whom Messiah came. No longer now
We mourn for Eden and its Tree of life :
A New Creation rises from the old,
A second loveliness springs from the first,
More radiant far with light ; the Lilies grow
Whiter and sweeter in the sunlit Land ;
The air is fresher on the flower-strewn Hills,
Fresher yet fragrance-laden, and a Song
Of sweeter melody is always heard ;
The Morning Star shines brighter in the spray
Of clearer Fountains from unfailing springs.

Heaven for Eden is a good exchange ;
Jesus and Mary thus to men are given
For Adam and for Eve. Now Jesus reigns
In the great Kingdom which His strength has won,
God over all, the ever-Blessed King,
The Source and End of all authority,
The First and Last, Eternal and Supreme,
The Arbiter of life and death Whose Will
Unchangeable in good is perfect law.
The more He loves, the more with love He crowns ;
So Mary dwells on high amidst the Saints,
Their chosen Queen, upon whose sinless brow
Sparkles the brightest Diadem ; in her
Their glory centres, as she sweetly reigns
Up in the light of God, nearest to Him,
And clothed in all the splendor of His love.

Wherever Jesus reigns, there Mary's name
Loved and revered shines brightly, and all men
With gladness bear reproaches for her sake.
Her children, countless as the unknown stars
Or forest leaves or sands upon the shore,
All love her truly, but their love is far
From rising to the starry pinnacle
Of her deserts, that height of joy and praise
In which she dwells, the Mother of our Lord,
The Virgin-Wife all-fair and undefiled.

Sinless in heart, on fire with purest love,
Sinless in soul, herself an ecstasy
Faint with the sweet intenseness of her joy,
She, humbler than all others and more blest,
Rejoices in her Saviour. In her heart
Pour on the clearest rivers of His love,
Deepest and widest, a bright crystal stream
With waters ever sunlit in their flow.
Most deeply looking into God she knows
Most of His Beauty ; and with gaze undimmed
Sees face to face the Blessed Three in One
More perfectly than all, His Power and Love
And Wisdom manifold : more clearly sees
The deep Essential Glory of His Life,
The uncreated Crown upon His Brow,
The Bond of unbeginning Charity,
Oneness intense and absolute, one Life,
One Essence and one Wisdom and one Love :

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All those perfections numberless that have
Their life in His. The love that never dies
Intensely burns within the Temple's walls,
Around the Shrine of light where sits on high
The King of kings Who ruleth over all ;
There God is seen in all His Majesty,
Incomprehensible and Infinite,
Reigning in strength and light and purity,
Peerless in His Almightyness ; the Love
That made and rules the universe ; the Lord
Eternal and Immense and Glorious ;
Wisdom supreme Who doeth all things well ;
Light of all light, Day of all days, the Fount
Of grace, perfection, truth, love, holiness,
Of beauty, glory, joy, and purity ;
His Love is life, reaching and blessing all,
His changeless Glory makes the perfect Day.

None see all this like her by Whom He came
A Light in Bethlehem. So more than all
She sees in full the wondrous scheme unrolled
Of man's Redemption, and the sinless life
Bought for herself with Blood ; she comprehends
Light of the Word Incarnate and her own
Springing from it ; the wondrous streams of grace
Flowing from God made Man, to purify
The desecrated Temple, now once more
A City built on the Eternal Hills.

Above all Angels and Archangels bright,

Above all Principalities and Powers,
Above all Virtues and Dominions strong,
All Seraphim and Cherubim and Thrones,
And nearer to the Uncreated Day ;
Folded more deeply in those burning Rays
That light the Face of God, and covered more
With robes of brightest glory ; throned in love
And beauty, ever new ; in dazzling light
Burning and bright and pure, amidst the fire,
A joy to Him Who is Himself the Source
Of all perfection, love, and blessedness,
Order and law and changeless harmony :
There Mary reigns clothed in her gilded robe,
The Queen and Mistress of the world, whose prayers
Are always heard, the Queen of Earth and Heaven,
Crowned with her incommunicable Crown,
Crown of Twelve Stars, Crown of twice Seven Joys,
And Seven Dolors, and Perfections twelve,
The Crown of her Divine Maternity
And pure Virginity and sinless life.
The dazzling rays that light the Cherubim
Reach not the glory that is given to her ;
More than Seraphic adoration flows
From her to God ; and in her heart there burns
A mightier love than in majestic Thrones.

Thus in the Beatific love she reigns
First of all creatures, purest and most fair,
The sinless Mother-Maid. Above all Saints,

Above all choirs of Angels, in her state,
Amid the fires that hang around her brows,
For ever burning, ever unconsumed,
She sits upon her solitary throne,
None equal and none second, for her Crown
Has in it all perfections of the rest,
All glory and all loveliness. She is
A pathless sea of love, wide, deep, and pure ;
The glory of the Martyrs and the light
Of Virgins undefiled, Confessors' joy,
And wisest of all Doctors of the Church.
Her lily-girdled Throne is lifted up
In strength and beauty ; and her dear sweet Name
Makes joyful melody where night is not
And sin can never come. Above all Hosts
Dwelling amidst the gleaming of their Home,
Above all Splendors and all crowned Desires
For Light Divine and Uncreated Love,
A wonder, even in the Heavenly Courts,
A thrilling joy o'erflowing with delight,
A Fragrance brightly crowned in Paradise,
She catches on her brow immaculate
The fresh full glory of the Day, and is
Herself a Hierarchy, first and best,
And next to God : crowned with the Diadem
Of Twelve most glorious Stars whose light intense
Floods with its love the City of the King.
Myriads of Stars shine in the Heavenly sky :
Unnumbered myriads of the Angels there,

Burning with beauty, stand before that Face
Which lighteth all creation, evermore
Pouring down torrents of Beatitude ;
And thousand times ten myriads of Saints,
Burning with beauty, dazzling in their light,
Full in the Sunshine, like great seas of fire,
With secret names and joys and love unknown
Before Redemption's spring from Calvary
Poured its red waters, stand with crowns and palms :
Yet brighter far than all, more beautiful,
Of purer gold and whiter ivory,
And more majestic through His Love Who died,
One throne is seen, foretold in prophecy,
Imaged in figure, waited for in type,
The throne of Mary, sinless, undefiled,
The throne of her from whom the Word Divine
Took human flesh. Its penetrating rays
Illuminate that City of the Blest
In which the Victors dwell, who by the Blood
Of Jesus overcame the world : the sway
Of her who sitteth on that throne is great
Beyond all thought, reaching from land to land,
Reaching from sea to sea, from star to star,
From choir to choir amidst the Heavenly Hosts.
She reigneth ever at the side of Him
Who made her what she is, His Love, His Bride,
His Sister-Spouse, His Virgin-Wife, in Heaven,
And, in His Kingdom, Queen ; a light, a joy,
To Saints and Angels. As we gaze, we see

That mystical variety, with which
Her Raiment is inwrought; her Robe, the sun;
The moon beneath her feet; star upon star
Is added to her Crown, and light on light,
Mary, Madonna, Mother-Maid, the Queen,
Until the noontide splendor of her love
Stands in mid-Heaven changeless; golden day
And silver dawn, all light of Heaven and Earth,
Together mingled. Virgin-Bride and Queen,
The whiterobed, golden-girdled Bride of God,
The Sulamitess on her Spouse's Throne,
With sceptre like the King, upon the Heart
Of Jesus, ever-crowned, she lies at rest
In the strong, deep intensity of Love
Eternal and Divine and fathomless,
Enshrined in God. In nightless Day, around,
The Sea of glass, fire-mingled, gleams and burns
With lustrous waves; and Mary's star-girt Crown
Lights all that Burning Sea.

O Mother dear,
Such glory makes me giddy, as I gaze;
Such Heavenly beauty lighting up thy face,
Such gleaming splendors flowing from thy throne,
Make me so feel my own dark nothingness,
Make me so feel how vile and dull I am,
That I can scarcely raise my thoughts to thee.
My failing heart can scarcely lift itself
To those bright Watch-fires in whose light thou art
Enshrined for ever, on the highest throne,

A star immaculate and full of grace,
Of which we all receive; for He, thy Son
With Whom thou art in Heaven, Himself is Love,
The Fountain of all grace and loveliness.

Thus the bright love around us falleth ever,
Dwelling in Eden-paths where God is seen.
Through darkness creeping up the mountain-tops,
Through gloom that hangeth on the crested hills,
Sun-veiling gloom with phantasies of ill,
Through the star-hiding darkness, and all veils,
That light is shining; and before our eyes
From top of Pisgah all the Heavenly Land
Lies spread beneath the changeless Sun, with streams
Of Milk and Honey and with yellow Sheaves:
We see its radiant Homes and Battlements,
Its Thrones of light and love, Streets paved with gold,
Its fadeless Flowers of fragrance manifold,
Its Beauty, and imperishable Fruits,
Its Gardens where the River ever full
Flows on past fairer scenes than mind of man
Can dream of in its strongest ecstasy
Its purest thoughts and sweetest flights of love.
We see its white-robed Saints whose gleaming Bands
With armor bright and Palms of victory,
Shine like the mid-day sun in majesty:
Uprising through the glory stands the Throne
Where Jesus reigns with Mary at His Side,
In Land of rest intensely beautiful,

Whose light encircles all things, fills all things,
Even the hope of which lights earth with joy
And poureth gladness on the darkest hour ;
In peaceful City where the Victors dwell,
The changeless Eden, everblessed Home.
Thence falls the Shadow of the Sacred Heart,
To us a Shade in day-time from the heat,
The Fount of graces inexhaustible,
The living Stream where all who thirst may drink.
Thence comes immeasurable love of Him
Who is both God and Man, love of the Three,
The Sacred Three, Divine, Unchangeable,
Their Essence One, in perfect Unity.

First-crowned, most loved of all the Brides elect,
My Mother Mary, on thy throne thou art ;
And as I see thee through this twilight dim
The still calm splendor of thy glory grows
Brighter and brighter round me, and thy love
Deepens and widens ; I see more and more
How God has given thee to the darkened world,
And how thy glory overshadows all,
Gilding the sky and lighting up the deep ;
How all the Church rejoices in thy joy,
Loves with thy love and triumphs in thy Crown.
Because of all our Father's gifts thou art
The light of many worlds, the ocean Star,
The joy of Saints victorious and crowned,
Lily of lilies in God's Paradise,

The treasured Pearl of the triumphant Church,
Beyond the flood triumphant and at rest.

To thee the suffering souls lift up their hands,
And by their helplessness implore thy help.
In pain and gladness mingled, they look up
To those vine-covered Hills, sunlit and bright,
Whence cometh help ; waiting, they wait for gifts
Of rest and consolation : with both hands
Thou givest what they seek for, and dost stay
The sorrow of that suffering Church, the pain
Of all that patient realm : for thou, the Queen,
Loving and bountiful, most sweetly there
Dost show the strength of thy prevailing prayers,
Where Michael holds a sceptre in thy name.
There souls are suffering in their blissful pain,
The Brides of Christ, wedded to Him, not yet
Brought to the Banquet of the Lamb, the sight
Of the great King upon His Jasper-Throne.
There wait the loved ones saved from sin and death
For whom the Feast is spread, for whom the Door
Will one day open. Till their debt is paid
In perfect resignation to the Will
Divine, they wait, exulting in their pain ;
In longing expectation patiently
And strong desire stronger than death, they wait
To see the Face of God. And as they wait,
Thy starry Crown of lilies and of gold
Scatters its rippling light around, and falls

Like gleams of sunshine through the mist and rain,
Gently and sweetly on that silent sea ;
Where slowly-swelling billows rise and fall
With ceaseless wail, in sweet monotony,
Singing a low, soft, dirge-like melody,
The moan of souls pain-stricken with desire
For God, in pain but full of joy, a prayer
Rising to God from voiceless suffering,
Plaintive and musical, as low winds sigh
Across the untroubled deep. Each rising wave,
That swells against the melancholy shore
Sparkling with light that comes from thee, is fringed
With gleams of radiance from thy starlit Crown :
And ever from thy sinless Heart there flow
Streams of refreshment in the parching heat,
With soothing love and sweet beneficence,
On that lone place in thy vast heritage ;
Where Brides of Jesus, till the day shall break,
Are waiting patient in their uncrowned love.

And what thou art to us, O who can say,
Thou Beacon of the storm-tossed mariner ?
Mother, I cannot speak of it, for I
Am slow of tongue and cold of heart and have
No burning words such as I wish, whereby
To shadow forth the love of God and tell
Of all thy beauty, love, and tenderness,
Thy sparkling crowns, the gifts and fruits of grace
Seen in thee only by His unbought love

Who made thee what thou art, enriching thee
With countless gifts and graces numberless,
With faculties of love all thine alone,
A vast inheritance of blissful joy.
So what thou art to us, O who can say,
Thou Beacon of the storm-tossed mariner ?
A sweet face looking on us in the dusk ;
A heart that loves us with a changeless love ;
A little hand that thrills us with its touch
And leads us Heavenward through gates of Pearl
To fire-crowned Battlements and Crystal Stream
And Throne of Jasper ; a low, gentle voice
Most sweet and musical, yet clearly heard
Above the din and tumult of the world ;
A love, the crown and glory of our lives,
Telling us ever of that mightier Love
Which shone for us in Blood, unquenchable
And strong in its eternity, the Love
That treads the golden pavement of our hearts,
And crowned with flame dwells ever in its Home,
A Love for tears, stronger far than death ;
These things are thou, sweet Queen of light and love,
Dear star-crowned Mother, fairest and most blest.

This art thou to us evermore ; and thus
Thou art our treasure, and thy Rainbow-arch
Crowning the sky gives to us joy in tears :
Thou art our Mother in our Father's Home,
Where filial love gives happiness untold

To loving children, dutiful and true,
To Sons and Daughters dwelling in the deep
And wide abyss of love, where summer suns
For ever shine, brightly and without change.
So as we seek to follow in thy steps
We lean on thee for help, and cast our griefs
At thy dear feet, and look up hopefully
Through wreaths of mist that hang before the stars,
Thinking of thee and thy prevailing prayers ;
Calling to mind the sweet resistless sway,
By which thou rulest o'er the Sacred Heart,
That loves to answer every prayer of thine,
Giving thee all thou askest and far more.
Thou art our Mother in our Father's Home,
Mother of all those sons, like John, whose hearts
Are filled with love ; who learn with thee to stand
Beside the Cross on which the Lamb was slain ;
To stand all-cleansed beneath the crimson shower,
Washing their raiment in that Precious Blood.
In light and love too sweet for earthly thought,
Thy throne is up beyond the highest Stars,
Where God has placed thee, chosen for His Spouse ;
Sweet, sinless Mother, full of grace, we long
To dwell with thee as thou dost dwell with Him :
Thou art His chiefest worshipper, we long
To kneel and worship and adore with thee,
Who art all-fair, all-sinless, and all-pure,
Our whitest Lily and our sweetest Rose.
This art thou to us evermore ; and thus

A fruitful Field thou art, a Spring shut up,
And Fountain sealed ; yet from thy sinless Heart
The streams go forth to fertilize the Church,
Streams from the Sacred Heart that come by thee
The golden channel through which grace is poured.
Thou makest Heaven of earth and art the joy
Of all thine exiled children ; comforter
Of those who mourn ; healer of broken hearts ;
The Mother of us all, better than Eve ;
The light of pilgrims in the dark, their joy
In grief, for thou through deserts wild and drear
Leadeest the way to the true Land of Rest,
Where sweetest melody resoundeth ever,
And pain and weariness are known no more,
Where death reigns not and sorrow never cometh,
And from all faces tears are wiped away.
Thou guidest heavy-laden weary souls
To Him Who is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The first Beginning and last End of all,
The one unchanging Joy, the one Reward,
The one true Love unchanged, the First and Last,
Source of all holiness, Eternal Lord.

And yet thou art not known ; the world goes on
Heedless and careless, without thought of thee ;
Down in its darkness, in the deep abyss
In which it dwells, thy Beauty never shines :
The earthly heart can love thee not, the blind
See not thy glory ; all thy sweetest words

Telling of God and love fall on deaf ears
That will not hear. And oftentimes thy name,
Revered and loved by Angels and by Saints,
Is spoken of with evil ribaldry,
Unloved, disowned, dishonoured, and blasphemed.

We mourn for these who know thee not, for all
Who do not see God in His works, in thee
First amongst creatures : all thou hast is His,
No dearer thought than this is ever thine ;
The impress of His Hand and Mind is seen
On thee most clearly : on the glorious world
There burns the handwriting of God in white
And golden letters, most of all on thee.
Not for them only, for ourselves we mourn,
Dear Queen of mercy looking from thy throne ;
O Mother dear, our souls are full of grief,
To know how little we love God, to know
Our own dull hearts and dark ingratitude.
O Mary, still we ask thee for thy love ;
We cannot love, we can but only grieve
For want of love ; we cannot pray, we can
But only mourn our dark, dull ignorance.
Graces and gifts and blessings of all kinds
Might still be ours and yet we turn away ;
Thy bounteous hands o'erflow with largesses
Of grace and blessings, yet we turn away
Thoughtless and foolish with our hearts on earth
And not in Heaven, unconscious what we lose.

And yet the fault is ours, all, all our own ;
It is our own forgetfulness, none else
Can share the blame with us ; for thou art seen
In all things beautiful. The very fields
Are vocal with thy praise ; the rippling brooks
Glance in thy light, and murmur forth thy name ;
Throughout both worlds of nature and of grace,
Thy canticle of rapturous joy resounds,
Thy Hymn of praise, thy sweet Magnificat
Of purest love, and joy, and thanksgiving
For all those graces multitudinous,
With which thou art endowed. The fault is ours,
Ours altogether and alone, without
Excuse, the fruit of froward wilfulness ;
For all things lovely ever speak of thee.
Deep nature's heart is lighted with thy love ;
The very canopy of clear, blue sky,
White clouds and golden sunsets and the breath
Of morning fragrance, evening's silent hour,
The forest's whisper, and the sunlit calm ;
And all the voiceless eloquence of praise,
For ever poured from nature's silent heart,
A deep full strain of nameless melody,
Rising and falling like the Heavenly songs ;
The soft, sweet rustle of the waving corn,
The song of birds, the voice of murmuring brooks,
Green leaves and smiling fields and budding trees,
Lilies like snow, and sweet blue violets,
And roses many-scented in green leaves

And many-colored, fresh from Nature's hand ;
All flowers and fruits in fragrant loveliness,
Laden with sweets might speak to us of thee,
Mother of God, our Mother and our Queen,
Crowned in thy Beauty unapproachable,
Touching the golden Sceptre of the King.

For thou art fair, fairer than all things else,
The loveliest work of God the King, save one,
The crown of creatures and the Virgin-Queen,
Sweet worship of the Heavenly purity.
Thou dwellest in the Garden of thy Spouse,
Purest of all His Brides ; again, thou art
A Lily in the thorns, pure, undefiled,
And sweet ; the chosen Doctor of the Church,
From whom Apostles learn : thou art all-fair,
Mother of Grace, fair Love, and holy Hope,
The Tower of David and the House of Gold,
Ark of the Covenant and Morning Star,
Heaven's Gate, Rose mystical, and ivory Tower,
Mother of Christ, the Everlasting Son,
Mother and Daughter and loved Spouse of Him
Whose changeless Love and Glory infinite
Fill Heaven with joy. His dearest love is thine,
The very look of Jesus in thy face,
His smile upon thy lips, and in thine eyes
His light, looking forth love and gentleness.
Thou art a Fountain ever springing up
To gladden and to purify men's hearts ;

Thy hands outstretched to draw us to His Cross,
Those hands that cradled Him in Bethlehem
And dried His tears of blood on Calvary
And from His Forehead wiped the sweat of death,
And laid His lifeless Body in the tomb,
Not pierced like His yet laden with His love.

So, dearest Mother, when we think of thee,
Our hearts leap up for joy ; our spirits faint
With the excess of love ; a sudden thrill
Sweeps through our souls, and Mother all our hearts
Turn quickly Heavenward to thee, as flowers
Turn to the sun drinking the light and heat.
Since perfumes burn continually on thee
The golden Altar before God, we turn
To thee our Queen and ask thee for thy care.
Bring us to God, He chose thee for His Love
From all the daughters and hast made thee blest
Amongst all women, the one Mother-Maid.
Bring us then, Mother, to that far-off Land,
Where God reveals Himself, the Great I AM,
Eternal, Infinite, Unchangeable,
Holy of Holies and consuming Fire,
Light Uncreated and Abyss of life
And love ; bring us to this for Angel-Bands
Fly at thy word and own thee as their Queen,
And Heaven stoops down to earth, and all its Doors
Turn on their golden hinges at thy prayer.
Hear me then, Mother, in these evil days

When rebel hands are raised against the Cross,
And words and deeds of blasphemy mount up
In lurid smoke beyond the starry sky ;
Hasten my Mother, save me from these storms ;
Hasten, and bring me to the shining strand,
The Crystal River and the Tree of Life ;
Where storm-tossed souls for ever dwell in rest
And tempests die away and winds are hushed
For evermore ; reach out thy helping hand,
And guide my wandering steps lest I should fall.
O Mary hear me in these days and stay
The desolation of my aching heart ;
Give me thy love for I am weak and cold
And cannot keep myself in highest paths
That front the Altar, in the narrow way.
Lead me to Jesus, without Him I die,
For all my heart is sick of love for Him ;
O Mother dear, I ask it on my knees.

The darkness hangs around my path ; the storm
Shakes me with its strong blasts ; the driving sleet
Beats fiercely in my face and blinds my eyes ;
My steps are often on a steep ascent
Thorn-strewn and almost pathless in the dark ;
And often through a bleak, wild, wintry waste,
A wilderness where sad winds mournfully
Moan around barren hills and tracts of sand ;
Then oftentimes I see a rocky shore,
The very plaything of the crested waves,

Hurling against it in tempestuous strength,
Soon broken into foam-clouds at its feet ;
Its cliffs precipitous and sea-worn caves
Are cold and harbourless ; and away beyond,
The white-fringed waters throw on high their spray
And leap up wildly as the storm rolls on ;
While thunder peals, and the forked lightning's flash
Lights up the darkness and the brooding storm
Spreads her black wings and revels in the night :
Again, the sky is dark and nought is heard
Save the low fretting of an angry sea :
Yet may I always turn to thee for aid,
Yet may I always trust my Mother's love.
Then dim unrest and cares which do not go,
Pain, disappointments, and perplexities,
Void desolation amidst Kedar's tents,
And hope deferred that maketh sick the heart,
Dark Egypt's broken reeds that pierce the hand,
Sorrow and heavy-winged anxieties,
Slow-dropping water day by day ; these things
Make Heaven like iron and the earth like brass :
Often our work seems vain and all our toil
To go for nothing ; then ingratitude
Teaches us what we make our Master feel ;
Then for a while we flee before the sword
When tongues of malice follow us, sharp-edged
And cause of sorrow ; then like the East wind
Or thorns, the merciless, frost-laden, sharp,
Bring wearing bitterness ; and then again

The unbelieving world that knows not God
Withers us up and makes us shrink in pain ;
Yet with all confidence to thee I come,
My Mother Mary, always sure of thee,
Whatever darkness hangs above my way,
Whatever sorrow clouds my upward path.
Always, dear Mother, to thine arms I fly
With love and hopefulness whatever be ;
Undoubtingly I ask thee for thy love,
O Mother mine, I ask it on my knees.

I hear thy voice ; I see thy gentle face
Most beautiful and starlike, as a dream,
A light of unimagined loveliness ;
I feel thy hand that leadeth on to God ;
Thy love hangs round me in the fragrant air.
Thy light is shining on us charming hearts
Heavenward from earth, and making Paradise
Midst thorns and thistles and our daily toil.
We love thee for His sake, thine own loved Son,
Who dwelt with thee long years at Nazareth,
Subject to blessed Joseph and to thee,
Who keeps thee ever closest to His Heart,
Whose love for thee is like a burning fire.
He gave thee to us in that wondrous love
From His hard Cross, and we will cherish thee
Mary dear Mother and will love thee more,
The more the evil world blasphemes and raves ;
Giving thee love and praise too little far

For glory such as thine, glory intense,
Which God in His great love has given to thee.

Thy Son is He Whom Saints have ever loved
With aching love, most passionate and true ;
Loveladen souls, living for Him alone,
Joyless and dark without his well-known smile ;
Longing to see Him on His golden Throne,
And pining with unquenchable desire,
To see the glory of His Face unveiled.
And from Him Crucified those dark red streams
Flowed on the Cross in torrents to the ground,
By which thy Heart was kept Immaculate,
By which our darkened garments are made white.
And in His love the Saints have loved thee too,
Measuring their love by His and fearing not
To hide His glory by their love for thee.
The silent hidden joy that fills thy soul
Thrills, like a rapture, through the Church's heart ;
The love of God poured on thee like a flood
Rushing and ever full, a light, a joy
Brightening and ever brightening to its noon,
Flows downward to each Saint, down to the just,
To penitents, to sin-dyed souls, to all,
Far down to me the lowest and the least.
Then show me always that sweet, loving face,
And let me take thy hand for I am weak.
Get me some love of God, more light, and grace,
And purity of soul : obtain for me

Some deeper knowledge and some stronger love.
Amidst the crowds who know not God, His truth,
And grace and love and watchful Providence,
Amidst idolaters who throng our streets,
And hurry unconcernedly along,
Careless of all things but their search for gold,
And pleasures dragging down their souls from God,
And miserable pageantry of earth ;
Be thou my guide lest I should loose my way,
Lest darkness should come on and hide the sun.
Be thou my help and keep me by the Cross,
Lest I should wander in forbidden paths,
Easy and broad and strewn with fairest flowers,
Yet leading downward to the deep abyss ;
Away from streams of the most cleansing Blood,
Away from Jesus, with His deep, sweet Heart
Of ever-flowing, ever-living Love,
One only Spouse and Husband of the soul.

O Mary, Mother dear, be with me now ;
Deep calleth unto deep, and I to thee ;
None ever sought thy help and sought in vain.
Bring me to God and to the land of life ;
The road is narrow leading unto Him
And strait the gate ; help me then, Mother dear,
My steps are feeble and the way is dark.

A Star is ever shining, as I go ;
It glimmers through the darkness and the Sun
Burns overhead, through clouds, above the hills.

PART III.

GOD.

Crowned in Thine ancient Beauty evermore
Thou art sufficient for Thyself, great, free,
Wise, holy, just, true, pure. Only in Thee
Is Blessedness that eye hath never seen,
For now Thou art what Thou hast ever been,
Crowned in Thy Beauty, past the golden Door.

On high Thou dwellest in the far-off Land
Where Saints adore; all creatures in Thy breath
Have life, Thy gift; then at Thy word kind death
Takes back that life; and as from Thee we come,
To Thee we go, seeking in Thee our Home
Sinless and bright, not built by earthly hand.

Because Thou art so all-sufficing, we
Long to be with Thee in that Home of rest,
Lying in safety, crowned, upon Thy Breast :
Hungry and thirsty, fainting by the way,
Our souls reach out to Thee the changeless Day,
For only Thou our Light and Rest canst be.

For Thou art Beauty, more entrancing far
Than all created beauty; round Thy Throne
Burn seas of loveliness, but Thou Alone
Art Beauty, in and by itself, the vast
And pathless Sea of light, the First and Last,
Thyself the Uncreated Morning Star.

And Thou art Purity, intensely bright,
The golden Pavement of the City seems
Worthless and dark to Thee ; around Thee gleams
Light of all Saints, all Angels, of the Sea
Of glass and fire, yet in Thy Purity
Gold is as dross and day is as the night.

And Thou art Strength, resistless and sublime ;
Thy Counsels change not and Thy strong Decrees
Are fashioned into life, as Thou dost please ;
None can resist Thy Will nor change Thy Law ;
One change in Thee no ages ever saw,
Thou mighty Rock above the sea of time.

And Thou art Truth, sceptred and on Thy Throne,
A joy to those who know Thee and a light
To those in Thee who shun dark error's night
And wearing doubts. Faithful Thou art and True,
The Truth Unchanging, ever old and new ;
Grim falsehood withers as Thy Truth is known.

Justice Thou art, holding with equal Hand
Balance of Mercy ; so to Thee we turn
And not to creatures, though around Thee burn
Pure fires of Goodness ; Thou alone canst make
Allowance for us in Thy love, and take
Pity upon us in this darkened land.

Love Increate, Thy vast creation lies
Upon Thy Heart ; Thou knowest all our pain
And sorrows manifold ; but after rain

Comes the bright sunshine ; so by this we see
How the great love flows evermore in Thee,
A birthless Charity that never dies.

O Love of God, dew of the fruitful years,
Glory of Life, Light in the shadowy tomb,
A Cloud by day, a Pillared Fire in gloom,
Lift us from sorrow, lift us, mighty Love,
Out of the darkness to the light above,
To the strong sunshine past the clouds of tears.

O Ever-present Love we cling to Thee,
Be to us Living Water, Living Bread,
And Light of Life around us ever shed :
Be with us in the dark and make us strong,
For the great tempest hurries us along,
And bears us out upon the stormy sea.

Above all creatures, in Thine unknown Rest,
A deathless Joy, Strength, Purity, and Truth,
Light, Love, and Beauty, all in changeless Youth,
Thou art Thine own Beatitude ; and now
The Crown of Empire burns upon Thy Brow,
God over all, One God, for ever Blest.

LOVE FOR GOD.

The many-sceptred sea against all lands,
By burning shores or in eternal snow,
Unceasing ever in its ebb and flow,
Rolls its clear waves and lifts its azure hands.

Kept for itself, where eye hath never seen,
Deep-hidden treasures in its depths there are ;
The earth is furrowed by the plough of care,
The sea is now what it has ever been.

Kept for Thyself, with treasures all Thine Own,
So may my soul, dear God, an Ocean be,
And ever-shining ebb and flow in Thee,
Breaking in waves of light against Thy Throne.

FORGETFULNESS OF GOD.

Lift up thy hands, O stormy Deep :
O Sea, cry with a voice of might :
For men have spurned the living Light,
And few are left to weep.

O fruitful Earth, cry out for Him,
Bear witness to thy Maker's Name :
Let all thy hills be crowned with flame,
Because men's eyes are dim.

O starlit Sky, pour forth thy tears :
Men turn aside from God, nor know
His Beauty ; weep for darkening woe,
Weep for the loveless years.

O Sun and Moon be dark above :
Why shine when God is scarcely seen ?
His Love the same has ever been,
Yet men forget that Love.

God is our Father evermore :
Where is our love and where our fear ?
We know Him not, but He is near,
And stands beside the Door.

Base wants, low thoughts, and mean desires
Bind souls in darkness and in dust ;
The swords once bright are clogged with rust,
Unlit the Beacon-fires.

Yet there are those who have not bowed
The knee to Baal ; firm and true
They stand in freedom ; faithful few
For God cry out aloud.

Look down, O God ; be near us, Lord ;
The world-wide struggle can not cease,
Not yet we win the Master's peace,
For Thou hast sent the sword.

The day is struggling with the night,
And with the good dark evil strives ;
Gladly for Thee we risk our lives.
Thou great Unchanging Light.

FIRST LOVE.

The Soul speaketh to the Unbeginning Love, the Ever-Blessed Trinity, and desireth to lie on the Uncreated Heart.

My first, last Love, I will be true to Thee ;

For by that word

Which Thou and I have spoken, I shall be

For ever Thine ;

Amidst Pomegranates and the Pillars Seven,

Sweet Spice and Wine

In Cups of Gold Thou gavest me, forgiven,

My Spouse adored.

My Love, I never can forget that day

When first I gave

To Thee my promise true ; the sunshine lay

Around me then,

And Wine with Honey and the Honey-comb,

Were given me, when

Thou didst espouse me in the curtained Home,

Where Cedars wave.

On Libanus those Cedars with the Fir

Then made a Home ;

The Spikenard's fragrance rose up with the Myrrh

And filled the air,

When at Thy Altar Thou to me didst give

A Ring to wear,

That I for Thee through winter dark should live

Till Spring-time come.

Then I by Thee in that sweet Marriage-vow
Was made Thine Own ;
Keep me beneath the Almond-trees, as now,
Lest I should miss
The hope held out, when Thou didst give to me
Thy Sacred Kiss,
That I Thy Bride within the gates should be,
Before Thy Throne.

Thou art my Husband, and the Cedar-House
In which I dwell
Needs not the sun or moon, for Thou my Spouse
Dost light it ever ;
That light flows from the Lattices above
And ceases never,
Gilding the Cypress-rafters with a love
No words can tell.

Thou art my life's crowned blessing and its Light
That doth not change,
My Day-break, diademed, that maketh bright
The heaps of Wheat,
The beds of Spice, the clusters of the Vine,
The Lilies sweet,
And Nuts ; all gifts and happiness not Thine
Seem cold and strange.

The perfect glory of our Bridal-Day
Hath not yet come ;
The Bridegroom waits to carry me away :
When shall I be

In Thy right Hand a royal Diadem ?

When shall I see

Thy Face Unveiled in New Jerusalem,

Our sinless Home ?

My heart is faint, my eyes are dim with tears,

Eternal Love ;

Thine Ancient Beauty, in the long, dark years,

Pure, bright, and strong,

Flashes upon me, strengthens me with power,

Bears me along,

Bears me through darkness and the thunder-shower

To Heaven above.

Thou art a simple Act ; this is my Life

And brightest Light

And dearest Love, my All : from darkling strife

Swiftly to Thee

I hasten back lest from Thee I should fall,

Hasten to be,

By silver Bulwarks built upon the wall,

Kept from the night.

Sweet God, my Spouse, I faint for love of Thee ;

Stay me with Flowers,

Stay me with Apples, that my heart may be

Faithful and true ;

For Thee, my Uncreated Love, I keep

Things old and new,

That so my soul may wake to Thee in sleep

With all its powers.

My first, last Love, I will be true to Thee,
And strive to reach
Thy Home ; Thou growest round me, like a tree ;
My weary feet
Carry me in sands and deserts to that Shade
From blistering heat :
I will not break the promise that I made,
As Thou didst teach.

Brightly above me shine with light untold,
As days depart,
The Hyacinths, the Sapphires, and the Gold ;
I can not stay ;
Speak from the darkness, answer me from Heaven,
Tell me the Day
When I shall lie within Thine Arms, forgiven,
And on Thy Heart.

THE LOVERS' MEETING.

The Soul, entering Heaven, speaketh to Jesus, the Created Love Divine, and desireth to lie on His Heart.

My Love : my Love : my Love :
Is all the waiting over ? Can it be ?
Has the rain ceased ? And is the winter past ?
My Love, is this our Meeting ? This the Day ?

O Spouse Divine :
Speak, dearest Love, and let me hear Thy Voice
Telling me I am Thine,
Although I know it ; tell me to rejoice ;
Promise that I shall never go away
From Thee, my Loved One, Thee, my First and Last,
Sweetest and Dearest ; am I now with Thee,
My Love, my only Love, with Thee ?

My Love : my Love :
Dreary and dark have been the days, like night,
Whilst I was absent from Thee : didst not Thou
Miss me a little ? Sun-crowned, on Thy Throne,
Didst Thou not wait
Longing to see me in Thy Home above ?
Always, early and late,
I looked out for the Coming of my Love ;
Long have I waited ; now Thou art mine own ;
How often have I dreamed of this, and now
I know it, what it is, and see Thy Light,
My Love, my only Love, Thy Light.

My Love : my Love :

Seeking, for Thee I sought, but could not see ;
O Dearest, well Thou knowest how I sought,
But I may tell Thee all that Thou dost know

Before I speak ;

Was ever love like Thine ? So deep, so strong ?

Now I no longer seek,

For I have found ; through dreary years and long,
Thought of this Meeting lightened every woe ;
And, making lovers all to me as nought,
Hope of this Meeting kept me true to Thee,
My Love, my only Love, to Thee.

My Love : my Love :

I never knew how Precious Thou couldst be
Nor dreamed of joy like this ; our hearts are one,
Our lives are one ; all that Thou hast is mine,

In this dear Home ;

Scarcely for very joy can I believe :

The promised Day has come ;

The Promised Love is mine ; what canst Thou give
More than Thyself, Crowned Love, Thou Spouse Divine ?
But am I Thine ? And is the darkness gone ?

Thine, Thine, for ever, in the light with Thee,

My Love, for ever in the light with Thee.

My Love : my only Love :

How Sweet and Strong and Beautiful Thou art ;
O let me look at Thee Who once didst die ;

Thy Sweetness fills the air, and all bright Heaven
Gleams with Thy Splendor ;
Now do I know the love Thou hast for me,
So thrilling and so tender ;
Now I am Thine, a very part of Thee ;
Far more, far more than dreamed-of, Thou hast given,
My Love : my Love :
Fainting, for Thee I faint, O let me lie,
My only Love,
Within Thine Arms, upon Thy beating Heart,
My Love : my Love : my Love.

CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas light is shining,
And a rain of glory falls,
In showers of golden splendors
Upon the stable walls :
The oxen in their stalls are still,
The Angels gather round,
As Mary by her Son Divine
Is seated on the ground ;
And a light of Heavenly brightness
Is shining in her eyes,
As Jesus smiles upon her
From the manger where He lies.

O blessed Mother in thy love
All-peerless and all-fair :

The light is shining on thee
In that stable cold and bare ;
The night is colder still outside,
But it is not half so cold
As the hearts that left thee wandering,
When that winter night unrolled
Her mantle from the frosty sky
Upon the frosty ground,
And the cold wind made thee shiver
As Saint Joseph wrapped thee round,
With those poor and scanty coverings
The best that he could find,
To shield thee from that winter night,
That bitter, frosty wind.

O Mary what a joy thou art,
A Heaven of love and grace,
As thou claspest Jesus in thine arms
And smilest in His Face ;
As thou smilest in His little Face
And as He smiles in thine,
The loving Angels gather there,
And glories round thee shine.
Then music from the Heavenly harps
Steals so sweetly round thee there,
That it fainteth in its melody
And lingereth in the air ;
And still it rings more sweetly,
From its home beyond the skies,

And fragrance hangeth round thee,
As from flowers in Paradise.
That light burns ever brighter,
That fragrance sweeter grows,
For Jesus there is with thee,
And thou art the mystic Rose,
The mystic Rose, and House of Gold
In which was shrined the Light,
When the Day-spring's dawn was brightening
Through the shadows of the night.

All hail, sweet Maid, a thousand times,
Ten thousands times all hail :
The love thy children have for thee
Can never change nor fail.
The holy Virgins, night and day,
Adoring in the light,
That from the Tabernacles' doors
Streams ever fresh and bright ;
The Priest before the Altar,
And the Student in his cell,
And Preachers in dark heathen lands,
All know and love thee well.
On the rugged heights of Andes,
In the snows of Himalay,
In the busy marts of Europe,
Or in cities of Cathay ;
In the crowded streets of London,
In the sacred ways of Rome,

The centre of the Church's faith,
The Holy Father's Home ;
In hot and burning countries,
Or amid the ice and snow,
Where the sun shines out but seldom
As the tempests come and go ;
Wherever in the darkened world
Thy Son is loved and known,
Wherever light from Him is poured
On pathways dark and lone ;
Wherever are thy children found
Upon the land or sea,
All love thee, star-crowned Mother,
All would die for love of thee.

* * * * *

The Christmas light is shining,
Though eighteen centuries
Have passed since that first joyful night
That saw thee on thy knees,
Beside the little manger-bed
On which thy Jesus lay,
When the Angels gathered round Him,
And the oxen eating hay.
The Christmas love is shining
As bright as ever now ;
In memory on the Crib there falls
The light from Mary's brow ;

And thousands kneeling there adore
The Child Divine Who came
In poverty and shame and grief
To lowly Bethlehem.
Now hearts all-filled with happiness
Are faint with love and joy,
Which earth can never give to them
And time can not destroy.
Such joy as this cannot be bought
For precious stones nor gold :
The present age can give it not
Nor histories of old :
But the thought of that first Christmas night
Is a gladness now as then,
When the Angels' praise was ringing,
And there came the Shepherd-men.

O Mary, keep us at thy side
Lest we should fall away,
And reach not thee and Jesus
In the fire-infolding day.
Be with us on this stormy sea,
And bring us to the shore,
Where Jesus in His loveliness
Is seen for ever more ;
Where life has no more sorrow,
Where death can never come,
The resting-place for wearied hearts,
The Pilgrims' happy Home ;

Where the Brides of Christ for ever dwell
In raiment clean and white ;
Where the Bridal never ceases,
And the Day is always bright.

THE EPIPHANY.

The Star of the Epiphany
Gleams in the Eastern sky ;
Thus know the waiting Sages
That the Promised Light is nigh :
In Araby the happy,
And in Afric's burning clime,
They have waited in their kingdoms
For the coming of this time.

A voice comes from the desert,
A light is in the skies ;
Now the Day-Star in its brightness
Though the darkness doth arise :
While Heaven-lit souls are waiting,
The Long-Desired draws near ;
And the Star of His Epiphany
Shines above Him bright and clear.

He is rising in His Beauty,
And health is in His Wings,
A Priest with many Diadems,
Anointed King of kings :
And now their hearts are burning,
As they see the promised Star

That tells them of the Bridegroom
Who cometh from afar.

They tarry not nor linger
As they speed upon their way,
O'er mountains and through deserts
To the rising of the Day.

They tarry not nor linger
When they know that it is He,
Who to the house of bondage
Hath come to set them free.

And soon these royal Sages
Come to Juda's sacred land,
And kneel before the Promised One
With offerings in their hand :
There they found the Long-Expected
With His Mother the bright Queen,
For Jesus without Mary
Upon earth has never been.

They found the Lord of Glory
And knelt before Him then,
The first-fruits of the Gentiles
Three fearless loving men :
They knelt beside His Cradle,
And before Him they unrolled
The precious treasures they had brought,
Frankincense, Myrrh, and Gold.

Wise in their mystic learning,
Their costly gifts they spread

For the King and Priest and Victim
With the thorns around His Head.

O Teachers of the Gentiles,
Ye mighty chosen Three;
How blessed were ye in the light
Of that glad Epiphany.

Then they hasten to their people
With the Gospel's joyful sound,
The tidings of that ancient Love
Whom they on earth have found.
And a joy is thrilling through them
That none can take away,
For they have been with Mary,
And have seen the Risen Day.

Pray for us, royal Sages,
That we may ever be
Partakers in the Endless Joy
Of the great Epiphany :
Pray for us, Kings, that we may be
All gathered from afar
To Jesus and to Mary,
By the shining of the Star.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I saw in Pastures by a Stream
A flock of sheep beneath the Trees,
Whose leaves kept off the scorching beam,
Whose rustling made sweet melodies.

The Shepherd had a gentle Face,
And went amongst them with His Crook ;
They followed Him from place to place
Because He had so sweet a look.

They ever kept within His reach,
Lest from the Pastures they might stray ;
I saw upon the brow of each
A crooked Sign as bright as day.

And when they passed me where I stood,
I saw the Shepherd's wounded Side ;
'Twas He who bought that flock with Blood,
The Shepherd Who once lived and died.

In Heaven He bears His tokens Five,
And is the King Whom all adore ;
He once was Dead, now is Alive,
The Shepherd-King for evermore.

THE PASSION,

I pass beneath the shadow of Thy Woe,
And all Thy mighty sorrow comes to me ;
A blinding Agony that none can know,
A brooding Desolation like the sea.

Heavy and lurid hangs the gathering storm,
I pass beneath the shadow of Thy Pain ;
Beneath the Olives lies a prostrate Form,
And on their roots there falls a warm, red rain.

I hear the Scourges in the cold night air,
I see the Thorns around Thy throbbing Head;
Then dost Thou find no answer to thy Prayer,
And on the ground Thy Tears and Blood are shed.

Why is Thy raiment red ? Why is it dyed
In blood like this ? Why is it Thou dost come
In such a guise from Bosra ? One replied,
The Sinless Victim bears the sinners' doom.

Now Thou art led to darkness not to light,
Lying deep-covered with obscurity ;
Devouring fire is round Thee, and the night
Gives Thee no passage from the storm to flee.

Dark, nameless Anguish doth upon Thee lie,
Dark Woe, the dim oppressiveness of Pain ;
Fever of burning thirst, an Agony,
Not known before and never known again.

So do I search along the thorn-strewn way,
But other grief like Thine I cannot see ;
And through the storm I seem to hear Thee say,
A Vintage now the Lord hath made of Me.

I pass beneath the shadow of Thy Woe,
The dark, strong Anguish of Thy Sacred Heart ;
I long to bear it with me where I go,
That I from Thee may nevermore depart.

Darkly there hangs above me on my way
This world-wide, world-deep Agony of Thine ;
With me, dear Lord, for ever may there stay
This shadow of an Agony Divine.

THE SACRED HEART.

Deep love, wide love, unchangeable and true,
Flows from the Sacred Heart, that burning Shrine
Of Faith, and Hope, and Peace, and Love Divine ;
Gifts old and new
The Bridegroom giveth ever to His Bride,
As in her royal love she sitteth by His Side.

All hearts of men find there a changeless rest ;
In hours of pain and grief and sorest need,
Deep human love is round those hearts indeed ;
O First and Best,
Thou Spouse Divine, Thy love is changeless ever,
The full, deep torrent of a mighty River.

Thou art the joy of souls, O Sacred Heart :
Their hope in darkness, light beyond the grave,
And strength in weariness, for Thou canst save ;
To us Thou art
Far more than the great universe can be,
A Home of love, a City of the free.

In every sorrow Thou dost bear a part :
So dangers daunt us not when Thou art near,

And in Thy shadow we can never fear ;
 O Sacred Heart,
Well dost Thou know the darkness of this waste,
Where Thou the bitterness of death didst taste.

Sweet Heart of Jesus be our joy and life,
And pour down ever on us from above
Streams from the springing Fountains of Thy love :
 Through sin and strife,
Keep us, till Day-break, safely, only Thine,
That we may love Thee in the Love Divine,
 O Sacred Heart.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Jesu, Who once for us hast died,
With wounded Hands and Feet and Side,
We think of Thy great Agony,
 A pathless sea,
When Thou wast hanging Crucified,
 O burning Love.

Upon the Cross Thy Blood was poured ;
But now on Altars plenty-stored
It flows not, though the Victim lies
 A Sacrifice,
Where Thou art evermore adored,
 O burning Love.

Upon the Altar with clear ray,
Thy Love holds on its shining way ;

Thy Sacrifice can never cease
Till all is peace,
In sunshine of the Heavenly day,
O burning Love.

Upon that Altar is our Food,
Thy Body and Thy Precious Blood,
Thy Soul and Godhead : Thou dost dwell
In hidden cell,
The Same that hung upon the Wood,
O burning Love.

Thousands of faithful hearts adore,
Where Thou art shrined for evermore ;
Tossed on the wild and stormy sea,
They turn to Thee,
A Beacon-light upon the shore,
O burning Love.

Thy Tabernacle's Sun goes down,
When each Elect has won his crown,
When each is safely throned by Thee,
In victory,
And all Thy mighty Power is shown,
O burning Love.

Then, not till then, that shining Light
Goes down beneath the waters bright ;
But there the Watch-fires on the shore
Burn evermore ;
And there is Day and no more night,
O ever-burning, burning Love.

THE SHADE OF THE TABERNACLE.

Dark spectres in the pale moonlight,
 A dread array,
 Pass flittingly before my sight,
 By night and day ;
 They bring with spectral hands dark fears,
 The springs of sorrow and of tears.

Black crowns upon their heads they wear,
 Unlit by Heaven ;
 Their shrivelled arms are thin and bare,
 Their robes are riven ;
 They drift like clouds across the sky,
 When winter winds are loud and high.

In fear upon my Saviour's Breast
 My head is laid ;
 There find I stores of untold rest ;
 The Altar's shade
 Makes for all souls a shelter sweet,
 By night and in the noon-day heat.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest, beside this Shrine,
 Nor fear to stay ;
 The Loved One in this shade is thine,
 Haste not away ;
 For here He dwells as time goes by,
 Crowned in His ancient Majesty.

He never leaves His Altar-Home,
But there abides ;
They who forsake the world and come
To Him, He hides
In His deep Heart, that they may be
His very own eternally ;
His own Elect, in robes of white,
A ransomed Band,
Crowned with Him in the Heavenly height,
The far-off Land :
So here, in love, whate'er betides,
He keeps from harm His faithful Brides.
Haste, Wanderer, seek the Altar-Throne,
Thy King and Priest
There dwells and there His love is known ;
The last and least
Are welcomed gladly there by Him,
Dear to His Heart as Cherubim.

THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

Sweet Well whose crystal waters rise
Where sand around, like ocean, lies ;
By thy fair banks the Palm trees spring,
And birds can rest their weary wing,
Leaf-shaded from the burning skies.
White bones are bleaching all around,
In that hot desert without sound,

That mighty ocean without tide,
Where men and beasts in crowds have died,
That iron-ribbed and thirsty ground.

The pilgrim falls upon his knees
With joy when first thy shade he sees ;
And when beside thy bank he stands
And sees around the burning sands,
Thanks Him Who hid thee in the trees.

So in this barren desert, where
Hot sands are stretched out, wide and bare ;
May we with joy those Trees descry
That spread their branches to the sky,
And save us from the world's despair :

So drink sweet draughts, in joy or woe,
That from the Altar ever flow ;
So faithful, loving, thankful dwell
Beside the ever-springing Well,
Beneath the Trees that round it grow.

HOME.

Far past the sunset shines a Star,
Seen from afar,
Lighting our Home, where joy shall be
Beneath the shadow of the Tree.

Once in the world a Tree there grew,
With healing dew

Upon its branches hard and bare
And blood-stained in the darkened air.

In mist and sorrow grew that Tree
On Calvary ;
There hung upon it, cold and still,
A Man Whose Hands had worked no ill.

Beneath that Tree a Mother stood
In rain of blood ;
As upward shades of darkness crept,
Until her Son in silence slept.

But just before His course was run,
“ Behold thy Son,”
He said ; and she that Mother fair
Became John’s ever-precious care.

Now He will bring us to His rest
Amongst the Blest,
If we with John are children dear
Of her who saw the nails and spear.

She is our Mother sweet in Heaven,
By Jesus given ;
Where pain or sorrow can not be
Beneath the shadow of the Tree.

This is our Home with God above,
A Heaven of love ;
From the white Throne the River flows,
And shineth ever, as it goes.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

The Poet sang a joyous hymn, .
So wildly sweet and clear,
That the nations stayed their busy feet,
And bent their heads to hear;
As it swept by, on the ringing blast,
And reechoed far and near.

But that song soon died in darkness,
For it was not truth it told;
It is buried among forgotten things,
In a grave that is dark and cold.

The hoary Sage, amongst his books,
Had mused in silence long;
He spake a word that he thought had power
To keep the right from wrong;
For a while it dwelt in the people's heart,
For it seemed to be deep and strong.

That word soon perished like the song,
Its short-lived power has fled:
It was wrapped in grave-clothes long ago,
And lies amongst the dead.

But a Poor Man from his workshop
Revealed the truth men sought;
The truth that stands unshaken
When all falsehood comes to nought;

Majestic Love's great Victory,
Is the truth that Poor Man taught.

That word rang on right joyously,
And struck the earth and sky ;
It comes to king and beggar,
With a meaning deep and high ;
Changeless like Him Who gave it,
That truth can never die.

For love is changeless ever :
As kingdoms rise and fall,
It streameth upward, onward ;
For God's love is over all,
From Mary in her glory,
To the sparrow on the wall.

And human love is mighty,
In every time and land ;
Pouring forth floods of water,
From the Rock upon the sand ;
For that Rock is ever smitten
By a torn and piercèd Hand.

And human love is Love Divine :
The Light in darkness shone,
Then died of love, heart-broken,
Now reigneth on the Throne ;
The Day has come for evermore,
Night has for ever gone.

THE FIRST DOLOR.

Sorrow is many-crowned, and comes, as night
Follows the sunset, as the winter's cold
In steps of fruitful Autumn. They have been
Most sorrow-laden, whom the Heavenly Light
Has loved the most : now, as in days of old,
Love has a seal of grief : so none have seen
A woe like hers, the seven-sorrowed Queen.

Swiftly she sought the Temple with her Son ;
Brightly she entered : there the aged Priest
Gave her strange welcome, for the piercing sword
Entered her heart. Her sinlessness then won
Its great reward, a grief which never ceased
Until the Sepulchre gave back her Lord,
Now on those steps with sinless love adored.

From Simeon's arms she took Him ; as He came
He pierced her heart ; most beautiful she stands
Before the Altar, in her majesty
And love and tranquil grief. A burning flame
Of white and purple crowns her ; Angel-bands
Stand round and wonder, for by her they see
What strength of grief in human hearts can be.

THE SECOND DOLOR.

• Weep, Rachel, weep ; the King of peace doth bring
Sorrow to many, they for Him must die
Who know Him not, as yet. A long, sad wail
Rises from Bethlehem ; the murderous king,
Unquiet on his throne, spares not. There lie
The Martyred Innocents ; no tears prevail,
As plaintive cries are borne upon the gale.

Weep, Rachel, weep ; but Mary weeps far more,
In greater bitterness, more precious tears ;
Not for the slain, but for the mourners still
Refusing comfort. Now there hang before
Her sight the woes of Jesus and His years
Of lingering anguish ; these His chalice fill,
From Egypt dark to the far darker Hill.

Four hundred miles of toilsome, unknown ways
Lie stretched before them ; the revolving moon
Sees their unfinished journey ; wind and rain
And sand beat fiercely on them, as the days
Go slowly by, in desert perils ; ah, how soon
Is Jesus made an exile, and in vain
Seeks help from men in hunger and in pain.

THE THIRD DOLOR.

“Wherever God is, there His foster-child
Patience is found.” Whatever grief He sends,
Blessings come with it. Sometimes a great woe
Appals us by its grandeur ; dark and wild
A desert lies before us, where no friends
Can help ; we stand alone with God, and so
Know best His love who helps us, as we go.

Thus fell the darkness of the Three Days’ loss
On Mary’s heart : thus robed and crowned with grief,
A whole burnt-offering wrapped in fiery pain
Of love and anguish, she took up her Cross ;
Bore it with broken heart ; with no relief
Went many ways ; retraced her steps again ;
Sought mourning for her Love, and sought in vain.

Weeping she sought Him, mourning through the gloom
Of three dark days : O, where has Jesus gone ?
Why has He left her ? When will daylight be ?
Darkness of Egypt, darkness of the tomb
Are not like this : no ray of morning shone ;
And Mary in that waste of Agony
Sat with her purple crown, by sorrow’s sea.

THE FOURTH DOLOR.

Long years have passed. A love more deep and strong
Fills Mary's heart ; the life in Nazareth
Taught every day new love as on her flowed
Graces and light. Now as she goes along,
She sees her Loved One, on His way to death,
Bearing His Cross along the blood-stained road,
With heart bowed down beneath its mountain-load.

Always in lonely Nazareth there stood
This Agony before her, day by day,
But now has come the dread reality.
She saw Him wipe away the clotted Blood
Blinding His Eyes ; upon His Shoulders lay
His heavy Cross sharp-edged ; how can there be
A deeper woe than this dark pathless sea ?

Hidden in wounds and blood, before her stands
Her Son and God. His Agony appals
Her heart in that dread meeting : His dear Eyes
Look on her through His tears and blood, His Hands
Are hurt with the hard Cross ; and then He falls
Bowed down with the great weight, and fainting lies,
Burnt up with pain and unknown agonies.

THE FIFTH DOLOR.

Now He is lifted up, and on the Tree
Hangs by the nails ; like fire a burning heat
Melts all His Heart as wax ; with parching thirst
Comes pain of Heart and Soul. He makes us free
By His Own bondage ; love and sorrow meet,
As never yet they met ; He is the First
In grief and love upon that tree accursed.

Mary stands there, in agony looks on ;
Did pain brood ever with so dark a wing
Above the mighty sea of human woe ?
The Virgin-Mother sorrows with her Son,
And dies with Him in heart : around her ring
Hoarse frantic cries ; downward the red streams flow :
O laggard hours, the day will never go.

The thorns lie hidden in His Brow ; His Feet
And Hands are riven by the nails ; He knows
All that will come far worse, so on His bed
He lies pain-stricken ; thus He has to meet
Dark-sceptred Satan ; thus the day-light goes ;
There Mary stands, His Blood on her is shed ;
Hushed is the storm, He bows His thorn-crowned Head,

THE SIXTH DOLOR.

At length the strife is over and He sleeps
At rest on His hard Cross. Winter is past,
The rain is gone, the nails have lost their power
To pain, the storm is spent. Thus Mary weeps
With less of piercing anguish ; death has cast
Sweet sleep upon Him, and His pain is o'er,
Now that His Soul has sought the darkened shore.

Still is His Brow thorn-girt, but He now dead
Feels no more pain ; yet Mary's love is tried ;
She lingers fondly by the ruddy Wood,
And as she gazes on the thorn-crowned Head,
The cruel lance sinks deeply in His Side :
The wound is His, the pain is hers, the Blood
Divinely bright flows down with mingled flood.

Embalmed, on Mary's lap His Body lies
Cold in its shroud ; the mourners there adore ;
In Mary's heart are deeper love and woe,
For He has come in such a wondrous guise
With raiment stained, that rising more and more
The fountains of her sorrow overflow
On His pale Face, with strength that none can know.

THE SEVENTH DOLOR.

She kissed His Wounds, and kept Him on her knee,
Gazed on His Face all-bruised, and smoothed His Brow
Thorn-pierced and torn ; one long, last look she gave,
Then kissed again His cold Face. Rapidly
The minutes pass ; her Love is gone ; and now
They bear Him sleeping to His rock-hewn grave,
He speaks no word nor rises strong to save.

Dark night is round her now, for He has gone
To rest awhile within His narrow bed
From the fierce warfare ; her lone heart still strays
Love-winged in sorrow from the house of John,
Back to the Chamber of the sleeping Dead ;
This is again a Dolor of three days,
With aching heart she waits and mourns and prays.

O Virgin-Mother, pierced by Sorrows Seven,
More beautiful than ever now, more fair
In this abyss of sorrow, thou dost make
A home in hearts that love thee ; now the Even
Hangs dimly round thee, waiting, weeping there ;
Thou wilt not stir until Thy Love awake,
On the Myrrh-Mountain, lonely, till Day-break.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Sacred to Mary is this Month of May ;
 Sacred to her who reigns in highest Heaven,
 The Star of Morn and Even ;
 Light amongst months, a prelude of the day
 When Mary's children shall for ever stand
 Crowned in the sinless Land.

The wakening world, the freshness of the spring,
 The song of birds, the voiceless songs of flowers,
 Sunshine, and fruitful showers,
 Are Nature's gifts at Mary's shrine ; and bring
 Thoughts of a brighter Eden and the Day
 Which passes not away.

Mary hath claimed this month ; it is her own
 And bears her name. Now blessings more and more
 Flow from her boundless store ;
 Now brighter seems the light around her throne ;
 Now fall fresh showers of unaccustomed grace
 From her high dwelling-place.

So with new love I lift my heart to thee,
 Turn to thy throne and ask thee for thine aid,
 Thou star-crowned Mother-Maid :
 And thou, most bountiful, dost answer me,
 Pouring down ever in thy love untold
 Gifts from the House of Gold.

O Mary, reigning in thy Heavenly state,
Thy care for all in this dark way will last
Till life's long pain be past :
Thy love encircles us : in it we wait
Until the Veil be lifted and we see
What God has given by thee.

GIFTS.

Mary, from thy sunlit presence
Streams of love are pouring down ;
Earth and Heaven sing for gladness,
In the brightness of thy Crown :
For by thee the seeds of blessings
Thickly on the earth are sown ;
And sweet anthems rise before thee,
As thou reignest on thy throne.

Like a river singing ever ;
Like a fountain, clear and bright,
Round whose banks the lilies growing
Weave a coronal of white :
Like the rustling of the harvest ;
Like the humming of the bees ;
Sweetly falls thy voice upon us,
But with human sympathies.

Like a light in strong-built tower,
Shining brightly o'er the deep,
Safely thou dost guide the vessel,
Where the storms of ages sweep.
O then let our lonely sorrow
Plead resistlessly with thee ;
Bring us to the Home of safety,
Where for ever we would be.

Light of brightness, Queen of sorrow,
Star of every Heavenly thought;
All are with thee in thy kingdom
Who the Love Divine have sought :
Light of brightness, Queen of Heaven,
Now the splendor of thy love
Hangs around us, as thy glory
Deepens from the world above.

Day by day thy light grows on us,
Hour by hour we love thee more ;
Lead us through the purple twilight,
Bring us to the radiant shore ;
Where in love that never changeth
Glorious evermore thou art ;
Queen with golden Crown and Sceptre,
Lying on thy Spouse's Heart.

SYMBOLS.

A fragrant Lily, white and golden-tressed,
 In love first-gathered by the Spouse Divine,
 Mary, in sinless beauty thou dost shine,
 In the sweet Garden where He takes His rest.

A hidden Fountain, girdled with green leaves,
 Poured forth its waters; thou that Fountain art;
 The Crystal River from the Sacred Heart
 Flows on past harvest-lands with golden sheaves.

A fadeless Tree, once covered with white bloom,
 Bore the imperishable Fruit. It fell
 Upon the ground, lay hidden in its cell,
 And hunger fled and all the ancient doom.

A House of Gold whose glory is within,
 Amongst the ruined cities of the dead,
 Thou wert; the sunshine fell upon thy head
 Unharm'd by satan, undefiled by sin.

An Ivory Tower thou art for evermore
 In the bright country, where the Angels sing
 Sweet strains of rapture to the Heavenly King,
 Beyond the waters, on the sunlit shore.

A mystic Rose, on Hills beyond the skies,
 Thou growest evermore with fragrance laden,
 A deathless joy, the one pure Mother-Maiden,
 Sweetest of all sweet flowers in Paradise.

Glorious in Heaven, thou art the Star whose light
Outshines in brightness all the Splendors there ;
Kept in thy love thou ever art all-fair,
With Crown of beauty in thy robes of white.

Lonely on earth the weary wanderers roam,
On through the darkness, onward to the Day ;
Mary, thou art the Star, with clear bright ray,
That guides us Heavenward, safely to our Home.

THE PROMISE.

The world was weary until Mary came
Bringing the Promised Child ;
Then hope revived and deserts lone and wild
Blossomed with roses ; then His Sacred Name
Burned with its living crown of flame.

As aged Pilgrims and white-bearded Seers
Watched in those deserts lone,
Gleams of an unknown glory on them shone ;
They saw in vision rainbows through their tears,
Saw harvests of the fruitful years.

The days went on ; the sunlit hope burned high,
The world's Desired drew near ;
The Warrior strong, with Josue's gleaming spear,
Came from the hills ; in Mary's arms did lie
The Promised of the Eastern Sky.

Sceptred amidst the Apostolic Band,
Guarded by hearts of fire,
The Mother of fair Love and pure Desire
And Hope and Joy she dwelt ; now round her stand
Those Princes of the deathless Land.

Waiting we wait for the majestic day,
When Mary shall be seen
Midst Saints and Angels their sweet Virgin-Queen,
Ruling in strength with wise and gentle sway,
The Star of all their bright array.

Redeemed and crowned, from every time and place,
The chosen Saints are there,
High on the golden steps, in white, all-fair ;
Their Love and Joy and Holiness and Peace
Can never change, can never cease.

In Morning Knowledge, in unchanging Light,
On God they ever gaze,
In the dear Home, on through the ceaseless days,
Reigning in joy ; their glory, pure and bright,
Undimmed by darkness of the night.

ELECTION.

No Joy so great as hers,
Incarnate Wisdom's shrine,
The Temple paved with gold
In which all glories shine,
For thus all human life
Is linked to Life Divine.

No Name so sweet as hers,
The sinless Mother-Maid,
In whose dear Virgin-arms
That Son of God was laid
Who gathereth Lilies white,
In His sweet Garden's shade.

No Place so high as hers,
Amidst the Heavenly fires,
Where glory dazzles not,
And sweetness never tires;
High above Saints redeemed,
High above Angel-choirs.

No Light so pure as hers,
Who is the Virgins' Queen;
Upon her snow-white robes
No spot of sin hath been;
She is the brightest joy
That earth or Heaven has seen.

No Love so strong as hers,
The Eternal Spirit's Bride,
Which Seraphim know not
In its deep burning tide,
Where by the King she reigns,
For ever at His Side.

No Thoughts so wise as hers,
Who ever was with Him
The source of Wisdom true,
A glory never dim,
Brighter in Heavenly Land
Than light of Cherubim.

No Strength so strong as hers,
Who never knew the night,
The Eternal Father's Child,
Kept ever in His sight,
Stronger than mighty Thrones
Up in the piercing Light.

No Peace so great as hers,
The love of all the Blest,
Who in her tranquil life
Upon the Sacred Breast
Lieth for ever Crowned,
For ever in her rest.

A GOING HOME.

Sweeter and brighter grow the flowers to day :
The King expects His Bride,
Beyond the dark, cold tide ;
He says, " Arise, My love, and do not stay,
Make haste and come ;"
So she the Loved One now must go away,
Beyond the waters, to the Bridegroom's Home.

Fragrant and beautiful, like flowers in light,
She turns to Him her eyes,
His shadow on her lies ;
She waits for Him, waits in her robes of white ;
And He, with love
Deeper and stronger than the sea, from night
Of sorrow calls her, " Rise, make haste, My Dove."

So when she heard that thrilling Voice, she rose
To lean on her Beloved ;
Her fainting heart was moved
And melted, when He spoke ; swiftly she goes
From earth to Him ;
Like burnished gold the broadening sunset glows,
And all the Heaven in glory seems to swim.

For her ye Apostolic Princes can not weep,
But for yourselves now left,
Of her dear help bereft ;
Her words of consolation, strong and deep,
Burn in the gloom ;
There will be precious words of love to keep,
And in John's house a silent, empty Room.

But now the King doth wait, she must not stay,
“ Make haste, My Love, and come : ”
Breathless she hastens Home ;
From her bright sleep she wakes to endless Day,
Close by the Side
Of the great King Who took her far away,
Beyond the sea, to be in Heaven His Bride.

A BRIDAL.

Waking, I dreamed of a Bridal :
Of a Bride, all-sweet, all-fair,
As the perfumed fruits of the Orchard,
With the sun in her golden hair ;
With fragrance of fainting sweetness
Her raiment of light was flowing,
As she walked in the Garden of Spices,
While the warm South wind was blowing :

Of a Bridegroom, white and ruddy,
With Head like the finest gold,
And Locks like the Palm-tree's branches,
Of beauty and love untold ;
He was Chosen from tens of thousands,
All-lovely He was to see,
As He stood in the Garden of Lilies,
In the light of His Majesty.

Thus I dreamed of a Heavenly Bridal
In the sheen of the changeless Day
That lights up the Marriage-Banquet,
Where old things are passed away ;
Where God shines in the City,
And His servants, by His grace,
Bear ever His Name on their foreheads,
And see Him, face to face :

Not a bridal like those around us,
In days of sorrow and sin ;
But a Bridal, Divine and Human,
Whose love is hidden within
The Curtain looped with silver,
Where the Bride in the hallowed Land
Adores her Heavenly Lover,
And is crowned by His pierced Hand.

Now when the Bride to the Bridegroom
On the wings of love had flown,
She stood on the Golden Pavement,
In her beauty and love, alone ;
And her gilded pearl-wrought Raiment
With a lustrous radiance gleamed,
As she walked in her Emerald-Sandals,
In this Bridal of which I dreamed.

A Girdle of gold and lilies
Round her gleaming robe was bound,
When she went to this Home of her Lover,
In the hallowed and sunlit ground :
And an emerald golden Sceptre
She bore in her fragrant hand,
As she passed in her peerless beauty,
Through the midst of the Angel-band.

Then the King rose up to meet her
From His gilded ivory Throne ;
Then the seven-fold glories of Heaven
With a brighter glory shone :
And a Crown of gold and lilies,
Twelve-Starred, encircled her head,
When she to her Heavenly Bridegroom
In that Home of love was wed.

There on His Throne that Bridegroom
Sits with His star-crowned Bride ;
And the Sulamitess, sceptred,
Reigns with Him, by His Side ;
And the Light of the God-lit Temple
Burns upward bright and high,
In that Home of the Saints and Angels,
In that City beyond the sky.

* * * *

So when I think of this Bridal,
All glory of earth grows dim ;
And listening in the darkness
I can hear the triumphal Hymn,
Like many waters sounding
With praise to Him Who died,
When He came from the far-off Country
To woo and win His Bride.

Thus a light from the City of Vision
Doth fall on the thorn-strewn road,
A gleam from the Heavenly Palaces,
From the Home and the Heart of God :
Of the sceptred Power it telleth,
Of the Wisdom strong to save,
Of the Fire that ever burneth
In the darkness of the grave.

But though Mary in sinless beauty
Is crowned in her love, all-fair,
Yet He Who gave her the Queendom
Has other Spouses there:
For each, through His Love and Dying,
In that Bridal may have a part,
Where His ransomed Brides, forgiven,
Are near to His Sacred Heart.

So I feel that nothing worth having
Is found in this world of sin ;
And the glory of earth seems darkness
To the glories hidden within
The curtained, silver Bulwarks,
The Home of love and light :
Where the Jasper-walls are gleaming,
Where the Watch-fires are ever bright.

HYMNS TO ST. CHARLES.

I.

O Father Charles, thy children turn to thee,
Lifting their eyes to thy bright throne above :
O give us strength that we may ever be
More worthy of thy Patronage and love.

We are thy children; so from thee we claim
Thy help to lead us on within the Veil :
Lest we should be thy children but in name,
And lose the way and in our purpose fail.

Father, with confidence to thee we turn,
That love of Rome in us may not grow cold ;
That on the Altars of our hearts may burn
A love unchanging for the one true Fold.

And if a twilight in our souls should be,
Veiling the beauty of our Mother's face,
More than than ever help we need from thee,
New light of love, refreshing streams of grace.

So when the world, with evil power and dark,
Hides Jesus from us with His light and joy,
Stretch out thy hand and bring us to that Ark,
His Sacred Heart, which floods cannot destroy.

But most we need thy strong sustaining arm,
If in the darkness love of God grow dim;
Be thou our Guide, our refuge from all harm;
Make clear the way and lead us up to Him.

O Father Charles, thy throne set up on high
For us dispels the darkness of the night,
Gleaming through shadows, as our steps draw nigh
The Unveiled Face and the Unchanging Light.

• II.

Father Charles we come before thee,
And we lift our hearts to thee;
Thou hast deigned to be our father,
We thy children wish to be.

All unworthy of thy favor,
Undeserving of thy care;
Yet we set thy life before us,
That thy blessing we may share.

In our hearts we keep thy story,
All the deeds which thou hast done;
All thy life and love and labors,
And the Crown which thou hast won.

In plague-stricken streets of Milan,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Thou didst bear the Lord of Glory
In thy hands by night and day.

Kneeling once before the Altar,
Counting Christ thy only gain,
He did cast His Arms around thee,
And the bullet flew in vain.

In the midst of Trent's great Council
Nobly thou didst take thy stand,
As the deadly streams of error
Spread themselves through every land.

Now, as years go hastening onward
And the evil nations rage,
The deep wisdom of that Council,
Like a tower, in every age,

Stands beside the ancient landmarks,
Stands above the stormy sea :
And we owe this priceless blessing,
Father, under God, to thee.

Dear to us are all the heroes
Who the mountain-ways have trod,
Lifted now for love and worship
On the Altars of our God.

Dear are Francis, Philip, Dominic,
With Ignatius and Paul,
And Alphonso and great Benedict:
Thou art dearer far than all.

High, in grandeur, midst the faithful
Stands thy great majestic throne;
Yet unfearing come we to thee,
Yet we claim thee for our own.

Thou a Warrior art victorious,
Keep us safely in the strife;
Give us keen and shining weapons,
Bring us to the Land of life.

VOCATIONS.

There marches past, a mighty, ordered Band,
Upon whose banners the full light is shed ;
It leaves the charnel-houses of the dead,
And goes straight onward to the far-off Land.

Kept from all baser wants and mean desires,
They lead the way, on whom the light has shone
With purest strength ; by this bright way have gone
All who have clearly seen the Beacon-fires.

Those fires upon the Battlements of gold
Burn with unclouded glory, and their gleam
Falls on the warriors, like a fiery stream,
A light and warmth in darkness and in cold.

Yet noble souls lie often in the dust,
By their own fault, when they might rise to God ;
On them in fire is written Ichabod,
For light despised and weapons brown with rust.

No generous love has led them on to Him,
Who went for them along the mournful way,
And bore the heat and burden of the day ;
For this their hearts are cold, their eyes are dim.

Yet light of Heaven all light of earth outshines ;
Strange then that in the slothful ways of ease
Men should be lost, as if in stormy seas,
When all the earth is lit with Altar-shrines.

He that hath ears, must hear ; for now there rings
Deep in mens' hearts, as all can hear who will,
A strong, clear Voice, that one day it may fill
With Saints the City of the King of kings.

Some hear that Voice, and heed it not, but stand
Immoveable in darkness ; making choice
Of the way downward, though they hear the Voice,
False-hearted traitors to their King's command.

Some hear, and gladly follow for a while,
With sandalled feet upon the royal road,
Seeing its light : then blinded turn from God,
And with dark cowardice their souls defile.

But some who hear are faithful and obey ;
Called and elect and true, with spears of light
And shining armor, through the storm and night
They bear their liliated Standards to the Day.

Pray to be blinded to the world's strong glare ;
Pray to see brightly the clear Heaven above ;
For they are highest on its thrones of love,
Who most for God in this dark world will dare.

Before us goes the strong Incarnate Word,
In Him the weak ones overcome the strong ;
Thus in His strength the Cross is borne along,
Thus onward sweep the Armies of the Lord.

THREE SONGS OF THE BRIDE.

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

A Maiden, clothed in purple,
 Sat on a fencèd Hill ;
 Her face, I saw, was hidden,
 And her fettered hands were still.
 She sat beneath a Palm-tree,
 With a veil upon her head ;
 While a voice came forth from Horeb,
 As the deserts round her spread.

A rock stood up beside her,
 Amidst those thirsty sands ;
 She sat beneath its shadow,
 With her head upon her hands :
 Then I listened to her singing,
 Her voice was low and faint ;
 And thus towards the morning,
 I heard her make her plaint :

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
 As the long, dark years go by :
 I am waiting for my Loved One,
 Till His Star is in the sky.
 My sight is always failing,
 My eyes with tears are dim ;
 And my heart is faint with waiting,
 But I only wait for Him.

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
But His step I cannot hear ;
And I ask the stars above me
To tell me He is near.
I look upon the Mountains,
But His Feet I cannot see,
Nor the promised light which telleth
That my Love doth come to me.

“ My heart is cold and empty,
Which He alone can fill ;
Once I thought I heard Him coming
By the lightning-girded Hill.
There only came the thunder
And His written Words on stone ;
Then passed away the Glory
And I was left alone.

“ I waited midst the coverings
Of scarlet, white, and blue ;
And when upward the great Temple
In its noiseless beauty grew :
Then a symbol of His Presence
In that Temple made a home ;
Now I wait before the Curtain
But my Loved One doth not come.

“So I sit beneath this Palm-tree
And my eyes are dim with tears,
As I look out for His Coming,
Through the twilight of the years :
And I turn from every other,
For He alone can be
The golden-girdled Husband,
Whom God hath given to me.”

Thus she waited for her Loved One,
Thus she veiled herself for Him ;
The Dayspring had not risen
And she sat in twilight dim.
I stood beside the Palm-tree,
I heard the North wind blow,
As she sorrowed for her Loved One ;
And her voice was faint and low.

* * * *

In widow's weeds a Maiden
Sat waiting for her Love :
Above her grew an Apple-tree
And in it sat a Dove :
The Villages were round her,
The Vineyards of the King ;
Through the dark-green Olive-gardens
The birds were on the wing.

She was waiting for her Loved One ;
All her love grew more and more,
As her wistful gaze was fastened
On the cedar-boarded Door.
She was clothed in white and purple,
With a presence full of grace ;
Her veil was off her forehead,
Still I could not see her face.

Then I wondered how this Maiden,
With her bright and yellow hair,
Could be sitting in her sorrow,
In widow's mourning there.
So I listened to her singing,
Where the Vines and Palm-trees meet ;
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was low and sweet :

“I am waiting for my Loved One,
I am waiting for His Day ;
He came to me at midnight,
He came but went away.
He came, and once He called me
With His Hand upon the door ;
I only saw Him pass me
On the thorn-strewn purple floor.

“ My Loved One came : one moment
His Light upon me shone ;
I rose to see His Beauty,
He had turned and He was gone.
He came, and went away again,
He went but doth not stay ;
He will come again to find me
In the brightness of the Day.

“ I cried about the City,
‘ O watchmen can ye tell
‘ The footsteps of my Loved One
‘ Or the place where He doth dwell ?’
The watchmen answered roughly
And took my veil from me :
So I wandered late and early
But my Love I could not see.

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
O weary hours go by :
I am waiting for His Coming,
Till His Cross is in the sky.
He will not leave me always,
He will come again at last ;
I am waiting for His Coming,
Till the winter all be past.

“ He hung upon the Apple-tree,
When His Eyes with blood were dim,
To drag me from the darkness,
So I keep myself for Him.
For when He hung uplifted
And the thorns were round His Head,
He brought me to the Bridal,
And I to Him was wed.

“ He stayed but for a moment ;
I looked, and He was gone :
But I love Him more than ever,
Though He left me thus alone :
For though He hastened from me,
Yet He also came to stay ;
Now He dwells upon His Altar,
And He doth not go away.

“ I am waiting for my Loved One,
For He hath gone afar ;
I have promised to expect Him,
Till the Rising of His Star.
Yet He always is beside me
In the shadows of this night ;
I am waiting for my Loved One,
In His Beauty and His Light.”

Thus sorrow-crowned she waited
With her heart all full of love,
A Virgin-Wife and Widow,
Whilst above her moaned the Dove.
As she sat beneath the Apple-tree,
I heard the South wind blow ;
Thus she sorrowed for her Loved One,
And her voice was sweet and low.

* * * *

In Heavenly light, a Maiden
Sat at her Loved One's Side ;
While He gazed with love upon her
In a glory, deep and wide.
I looked ; her robes were ruddy ;
I looked ; and they were white ;
Then they burned in mingled beauty
With a blaze of golden light.

I had wandered through the deserts,
With footsteps upward turned ;
When this glory flashed upon me,
When this fiery splendor burned.
The Sea of Glass, fire-mingled,
In its quivering brightness shone ;
There the Crystal Stream was flowing,
And there stood the Sapphire-Throne.

The Gates of Pearl were open ;
The Lily-beds were fair ;
And the Bride in burning raiment
Sat with her Loved One there.
Through my soul astonished, fainting,
Through my senses dull and dim,
I saw the King in all His Beauty
And His Sister crowned with Him.

There dark nights and days of anguish,
Grief and death could come no more ;
Shade of sorrow dims no faces,
On that radiant, deathless shore.
Faithful she had been in Egypt,
Then the loneliness was past,
From her plaintive, patient waiting
He had brought her home at last.

She had waited for her Loved One,
Till He called her, till He came,
Till He set upon her forehead
Her turret-crown of flame.
I looked upon the Bridegroom,
On the ransomed gleaming Throng,
As she sang and praised her Loved One,
And her voice was sweet and strong :

“ He hath brought me from the darkness,
He hath bought me with His Blood :
For me He made a pathway
Through the dark and stormy flood.
He won me by His Dying,
He gave for me His Life ;
He brought me up from Egypt
To be His Virgin-Wife.

.

“ He hath given me all my graces,
I have nothing of my own ;
He hath made me as His Sister,
He hath set me on His Throne.
I stood beside the Red Sea,
I saw its waters part :
Now His Arms are ever round me,
Now my head is on His Heart.

“ I waited for my Loved One,
Through the long and dreary days ;
When my prayers could scarcely find Him,
And I knew not how to praise :
I waited for my only One,
By the Manger and the Tree,
And by His Holy Sepulchre,
Till He rose and made me free.

“I waited for my Loved One,
In the black and pitchy night,
When the sable veil was round me,
And I could not see the light :
I waited for my only One,
In the deep heart-breaking gloom,
Through the lonely darkened Valley,
Through the shadows of the tomb.

.

“I waited for my Loved One,
Till this promised Day had come:
I waited by His Altar,
Where He dwelt as in His Home :
There the Tabernacle's glory
Was a glory from above,
With the Beauty of my Loved One,
In the knowledge of His Love.

“I saw Him come from Bosra,
With Raiment dyed in blood :
In the Morning, on the Mountain,
In His Loveliness He stood.
In His Dying and His Rising
My Love was still the Same ;
But His blood-stained, seamless Raiment
Shone like a burning flame.

“ In the Winepress, at the Vintage,
He was still Eternal God ;
Though thorns were strewn around Him,
In the way on which He trod.
He turned not back nor faltered
Till the Vintage all was gleaned ;
I loved Him through that sorrow
And upon His Heart I leaned.

“ He went down to the Harvest
With His sickle sharp and bright ;
And I watched Him in His reaping,
In His Weakness and His Might :
Now all His wheat is garnered
Beneath this starry Dome ;
And He makes for all a Banquet
In this ceaseless Harvest-Home.

“ My eyes were dim with watching,
When I waited in the night :
Now they are dim with gazing
On the brightness of His light :
On this Beauty of my Loved One,
Now I gaze for evermore ;
And with all my heart upon Him,
Ever as I gaze, adore.

“ I drink in all His Beauty
As on His Heart I lie,
As there burneth in my memory
The day when He did die;
When He did die to save me
And bring me home to this,
This fulness of His Presence
In this thrillingness of bliss.

.

“ I drink in all His Beauty,
All my heart to Him is bowed ;
All my heart is faint with loving,
With the love that once I vowed ;
I knew not when I vowed it
What one day it would be,
In this Bridal never-ceasing,
In this fire of Charity.

“ I drink in all His Beauty,
As on His Heart I lie ;
One thrilling joy is with me
That He is ever nigh ;
In His Heart a torrent floweth,
All my love is perfect now,
As I gaze upon my Loved One,
With His Crowns upon His Brow.

“ As I lie amidst these splendors,
His strong Arms round me fold ;
He gives me all His treasures,
All His silver and His gold.
But purer, stronger, brighter
Than this fiery Crystal Sea,
Is the love with which He loves me,
Is the love He gives to me.

.

“ Thus for Him I ever waited,
Till He made me all His Own ;
Then at last He brought me to Him,
Then He set me on His Throne.
Now He kisses me and loves me,
My God, and Spouse Divine ;
He has married me for ever,
I am His and He is mine.”

Thus she sang her Heavenly Anthem,
Sitting at her Loved One's Side,
Rapturous, fainting, crowned, exulting,
Sceptred as His Sister-Bride,
On His Heart, and in His Kingdom,
Where old things are passed away ;
Where the Eternal Hills are lighted
By the Everlasting Day.

Ever drinking in His Beauty,
Thus she sang of Love and Grace,
Sang of Triumph, sang of Glory,
Looking in her Loved One's Face.
There her Song kept ever rising,
By the pierced Hands and Feet ;
All the Bridegroom's love was round her,
And her voice was strong and sweet.

WHEN ?

Say, would'st thou die
When weeping clouds are in the sky,
When wind and rain
Beat fiercely on the window-pane,
And dark the tempest-drift goes by ?

Or when the flowers
Are bright with sunshine and with showers ;
When from their bloom
The fragrance rises to thy room,
And gladdens thee through lonely hours ?

Or when the light
Is strong in Heaven ? Or when the night
Hath veiled her face
And hurries on with rapid pace,
Would'st thou desire to pass from sight ?

Or would'st thou go,
When winter with her shroud of snow
Hath hid the ground,
Veiling in white each grass-grown mound ?
Or when the golden lilies grow ?

Say, would'st thou be
Alone with Him Who calleth thee ?
Or would'st thou have,
Within that shadow of the grave,
Kind faces round which thou may'st see ?

Nay, care not when
The messenger may come, if then
He calls thee Home,
And with glad welcome bids thee come,
Where mourners sorrow not again.

Nor have one care
How death may come to thee or where ;
If only thou
Canst feel the light upon thy brow,
Beneath the hand that does not spare.

Dear Lord with Thee,
Content with Thine all-wise Decree,
We leave the end ;
For Thou, our Brother and our Friend,
Wilt one day come and make us free.

Make us Thine Own,
That we may know as we are known ;
Lord, make us Thine,
That we within Thy Light Divine
May see Thee Crowned upon Thy Throne.

AFTERWARDS.

The wind is sighing mournfully
Past ruined grass-grown towers :
The rain and sunshine fruitlessly
Fall upon withered flowers :

The waves are rolling ceaselessly
On the cold sea-beaten shore :
And mourners are crying hopelessly
For those they see no more.

What meaneth this sorrowful sighing?
For towers can be built again,
And the trees in bloom grow fruitfully
In the sunshine and in the rain.

What aileth thee sorrowful mourner
In the dark; by the shore of the sea ?
The waves do not roll for ever,
And the Morning cometh to thee.

THREE DAYS.

I.

An Eagle his flight is winging ;
A little bird is singing ;
A flame is upward springing ;
A silver bell is ringing :
The bees are in the flowers
With the many-footed hours,
Midst the pearls of crystal showers ;
For the rain is falling lightly,
As the sun shines sweetly, brightly.

II.

A Saint his flight is winging ;
The Just their song are singing,
Whilst love is upward springing ;
A golden Bell is ringing :
On the waves the Spirit moveth ;
All souls, like fire, He proveth ;
The clean in heart He loveth :
And the rain of grace falls lightly,
As God shines, sweetly, brightly.

III.

Angels their flight are winging
Round the Throne ; and Saints are singing,
With a love for ever springing,
The New Song ever ringing
Through the Day without a night :
The Crystal River floweth ;
The Tree beside it groweth ;
Wherever Jesus goeth,
Follow the Elect, in white :
And glory, full and bright,
Shows the Face of God, in light.

WAIT.

A Complaint.

Nothing but sorrow and darkness,
Nothing but sorrow and gloom ;
A weary, tearful journey,
From the cradle to the tomb.

An Answer.

There are joys that come from sorrows,
The stars shine in the gloom,
The end of the journey is Heaven,
And life springs from the tomb.

C.

Lingering days and weary,
Nights of sorrow or pain ;
An anguish that blinds me nearly,
And links of an iron chain.

A.

I have heard of a deeper Anguish,
And a Chalice of bitterer woes :
A stronger chain was once broken,
On the morning when One arose.

C.

To me no sunlight cometh,
But a darkness upon me lies ;
In vain I look to the mountains,
Expecting the sun to rise.

A.

I have heard of Seven Dolors,
And the woe of a sinless Heart,
That waited through years of sorrow,
And the darkness did not depart.

Not a Complaint.

I am wayward and unsubmissive,
I will break from this sinful chain,
And forget all my sorrows and anguish
In the thought of a deeper Pain.
Those woes of a sinless creature
Make me see I am selfish and proud ;
All my heart is broken within me,
And my soul to the dust is bowed.
Sorrow and darkness shall teach me
Of a King with a pierced Hand ;
And the weary, tearful journey,
Of a Home in the Promised Land.

A CHIME.

I hear a Chime that is ever ringing,
From fields and sea-beaten caves,
From cities, from woods where birds are singing,
From the lilies on dead mens' graves.

A voice comes from the pine-crowned mountains,
From the rivers and from the sea,
From sheaves of corn and from crystal fountains,
From the desert and fruitful tree.

It rises and falls in the Morn and Even,
It is heard in the bright Noon-day,
And when Midnight has set her stars in Heaven,
It lingers and goes not away.

It cometh sometimes with a sweet, bright sadness,
A plaintive sound and low ;
It cometh with hope and with gentle gladness,
And often it cometh so.

For this Chime is heard in the silence, pealing
From the height of yon azure Dome,
A whisper of love from Paradise stealing,
A voice from our Father's Home.

A FLOWER.

Upon a rock, a hidden seed there lay
For many days in sunshine and in shower ;
The winter passed; then on a bright spring-day,
As men went by they saw a purple flower.

Upon a rocky heart a seed Divine
Lay hidden many days in mist and gloom ;
Angels, when suns of spring began to shine
After the winter, saw a golden bloom.

A SHADOW.

The strong storm-wind through the forest swept,
When the leafless trees were bare ;
From peak to peak of the mountains leapt,
And shook all their tangled hair.
The storm laughing loud, with its ringing voice,
Swept onward across the sea,
And bade the tempestuous waves rejoice
That they were so wild and free.

But what is the storm of that homeless wind
To the tempest of human hearts,
Which no refuge from darkness and rain can find,
As the light of the day departs ?
And what is the storm of that wild, deep sea,
On which shattered wrecks are tost,
To the storm of that lawless liberty,
In which God-given souls are lost ?

The sunshine slept on the forest glade,
When the new-leafed trees were green ;
And o'er the flower-strewn mountains strayed,
Where no foot of man had been.
That sunshine danced on the waters bright,
And shone in their rippling smiles :
Then sped o'er the sea with the glancing light,
That encircled its thousand isles.

But what is the light of the sunshine sweet,
With its shadows among the trees,
To the sunshines of love and joy that meet,
Round a watcher upon his knees ?
And what is the light from the sun above,
As it sinks in the waveless sea,
To the brightness of light in souls that love,
And the joy of their purity ?

O may it be ours, when storms are gone
In the sea and the sky above,
To wear those crowns that our Lord has won,
And rejoice in our Mother's love.
O may it be ours, when storms are gone
And the Sabbath-calm has come,
To live in the light of our Lord's white Throne,
At rest, in our Father's Home.

SUBMISSION.

The sorrowing heart in pain and grief
Still loves, nor doubts its Father's care :
Beneath the Cross it finds relief,
With Jesus and His Mother there.

It never doubts in dark dismay,
Nor lifts itself against the rod ;
But always knows, by night and day,
That all its sorrows come from God.

As every pain is meted out,
And every sorrow knows its place,
Bearing them all without a doubt,
It looks up in its Father's Face.

And thus it knows how He has given
Two Hearts to help it in the strife ;
The two Immaculate of Heaven,
Who led the deepest-suffering life.

So ever to the Cross it goes,
For hope and love shine brightly there ;
Strong Hands uplift it from its woes,
And loving Hearts its sorrows share.

When God is known in all His power,
The weariest mourner lieth still ;
All faithful hearts in sorrow's hour
Bow in submission to His Will.

He is the boundless Charity,
In Whom we live and are and move ;
There burneth in Eternity
That Fire of Uncreated Love.

THE FLOOD AT BRADFIELD.

Onward the dark water comes ;
Like a giant, resistless, in might ;
Like a thief in the dead of the night.
Sleep has her hand on all homes,
As onward the dark water comes.

Hushed are the homes in its way ;
For day has long fled to the west,
The wearied are lying at rest,
The child has forgotten its play ;
And night shrouds all homes in its way.

Onward those dark waters sweep ;
The sleepers know not their doom,
Nor dream of a watery tomb ;
Whilst broad and tempestuous and deep
Onward the dun waters sweep.

Death rides apace in that hour ;
In one wave the great flood rushes on,
Leaps down the fair valley of Don,
And sows with its red hand of power
Dismay in all hearts, in that hour.

What is that rush in the air ?
That thunder, so deep and so low ?
Fiercely the wild waters flow ;
Do you think that they know how to spare ?
What is that moan in the air ?

The flood seems to seek for its prey ;
Onward and upward it leaps,
And boils in its uttermost deeps :
Bridges, houses, and mills swept away
Mark the torrent that seeks for its prey.

Boiling and surging it goes ;
Fiercely it breaks from its bounds,
With a tempest of deafening sounds ;
It spares not as onward it flows ;
Destroying and angry it goes.

Like a monster frantic with rage,
Comes down that tempestuous wave ;
Remorseless and strong as the grave,
It spares neither childhood nor age,
As it rushes on blinded with rage.

A wild, long wailing is heard ;
The pitiless, merciless flood,
A murderer branded with blood,
Speeds onward and says not a word ;
But the cries of the drowning are heard.

What a night of grief and despair :
With a rushing and terrible sound
The flood throws its arms all around ;
No help for the struggling is there :
Oh, what anguish of soul and despair.

Onward the fierce torrent comes :
Great trees are uprooted and tost
Like playthings. Where are the lost ?
Where are the loved ? And their homes ?
As onward the dark water comes.

Devouring, and thirsting for blood,
And mad, the dark waters leap on,
And boil through the valley of Don :
Foam-crested that terrible flood
Is hungry, and thirsting for blood.

An hour seems a night in its track :
For that torrent goes down in its strength
And foams and devours ; and at length
A valley, deserted and black,
Is left in its desolate track.

Onward the red water rolls :
Swiftly its work has been done ;
Swiftly its victims are gone ;
Say a prayer for the rest of their souls :
Onward the fierce water rolls.

ERRATA.

| Page | 5, line 23, FOR follow, | READ follows. |
|----------|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| " 16, " | 24, " what ever, | " whatever. |
| " 17, " | 28, " their, | " there. |
| " 18, " | 19, " in, | " is. |
| " 70, " | 9, " Souls, | " souls. |
| " 80, " | 5, " Bernadine, | " Bernardine. |
| " 94, " | 21, " Gods, | " God's. |
| " 101, " | 7, " Bernadine, | " Bernardine. |
| " 126, " | 9, " loose, | " lose. |
| " 6, " | 7, PLACE comma after is. | |
| " 123, " | 8, " " " | " darkness. |
| " 36, " | 5, DELE comma after takes. | |
| " 95, " | 15, " " " | " Face. |

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